

SOME  
Prison-Meditations  
AND  
EXPERIENCES:

WITH  
Some Hints touching the Fall of the  
Mother of Harlots, and the exaltation  
of the SON of GOD upon the  
Throne of DAVID.

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*Written in Newgate by JOHN GRIFFITH  
a Prisoner there.*

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*My heart is inditing a good matter, I speak of the  
things which I have made touching the King,  
Psal. 45. 1.*

*Thou wilt shew me the path of life, in thy presence is  
fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures  
for evermore, Psal. 16. 11.*

*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward  
receive me to glory. Whom have I in Heaven but  
thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire be-  
sides thee, Psal. 73. 24, 25.*

*And there followed another Angel, saying, Babylon is  
fallen, is fallen, that great City, because she made all  
Nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her for-  
nication, Rev. 14. 8. Yet have I set my king upon  
my holy hill of Zion, Psal. 2. 7.*

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Printed in the year 1663.

## PILTON-Meditations

## EXPERIENCES:

TO ALL IN EVERY PLACE THAT LOVE OUR

WITH

Some Hints touching the All of the

Manner of Hailers, and the exaltation

Glorious Son of God upon the

ally and Name of David, whom

written in Newgate by John GRIFFITH

Cia Preface.

My heart is inquiring a good matter, I speak of the  
 things which I have much touching the King,

Thou wilt find me the path of life, in thy presence is  
 pleasure of joy as thy right hand there are pleasures  
 for evermore, Psal. 16. 11.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward  
 receive me to glory. Whom have I in Heaven but  
 thee? and thou art none upon earth that I desire be-  
 liever, Psal. 73. 24, 25.

And there followed another Angel, saying, Babylon is  
 fallen, is fallen, the great City, because she was the  
 blessed ones drink of the wine of the wrath of God, for  
 cometh on, Rev. 14. 8. I have set my sign upon  
 them, that they shall not be hurt, Psal. 135. 2.

Printed in the year 1663.



# The Epistle Dedicatory.

To all in every place that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and Truth, and that wait for his glorious appearing, (more especially unto that Remnant to whom I stand more particularly related) Grace be multiplied, with encrease of Faith and Love from God the Father, and his Son Jesus the Anointed through the Comforter, Christian Salvation.

Well-beloved,

**I**t is matter of comfort to the Lords poor despised people, in a dark day, that he is pleased not to leave his nothing-ones (that either have or do suffer any thing for the sake of blessed Jesus) without some signal tokens of his comforting and strengthening presence with them, by which they are in a good measure

## The Epistle DEDICATORY.

kept from fainting, and that he doth seal up instruction to their souls, leading them to the Rivers of Pleasures, causing them to drink deep of his Love and Free-Grace in his dear Son: Ob what a choise Mercy it is, that the Most High God should so far condescend, as to have regard to such worthless Creatures, who in the day of their fullness so much provoked the Eternal God by their unthankfulness and mis-improvement of such Choise Mercy, as the Mercy of the Gospel.

It is wonderful Grace that God should (notwithstanding such provocations wherewith he hath been provoked by Congregations in general, and by every Member in particular) still continue the good favour of his Grace upon the hearts of any of them, or that he should account any of his poor servants worthy to suffer Reproach and Bonds for his sake.

Which Mercy (which I esteem very choise and sweet to my soul) he hath been pleased for some time to let me enjoy; which is wonderful in my sight, that such a nothing, empty

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

empty Creature as I am, should be employed by me in such a Noble Work, and in such a Noble Cause, as to suffer Bonds for the sake of blessed Jesus.

Yet notwithstanding the length of time I have been inurance, I find my heart is not so cleansed and brought to the foot of Christ, as I hope it may, and wist it should.

And if it so please the Lord to sanctifie those Bonds, that I may by the help of his holy Spirit so crucifie the remains of Corruption that I find still in my heart, and subdue, and bring in subjection every vain imagination, that every high thing that exalts it self, may be brought in obedience to the King, then may I bless the Lord for the day that ever I lay in Newgate.

The which I may say I am engaged (and not without cause) already to do, forasmuch as God hath let me see my self, and the baseness of my own heart, the weakness and diffidence that lodgeth there in some measure, which gives occasion to me to magnifie the Grace of God the more, in that he should be graciously pleased to accept such an unworthy Worm

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

as I am, in his dear Son! A clear evidence of which, through Grace I can say I cannot without in my fall, yet not so, as wholly to be without ups and downs, occasioned by temptation working upon my Frailties, which my dear Lord Jesus is pleased to assist me in, and cause them to work for good unto my soul; Blessed be Jehovah.

I have in this Poem rudely scattered here and there some of those **MEDITATIONS** and **EXPERIENCES**, that God hath been pleased to visit my Soul with; the which I present to the view, and commend to the serious thoughts of all the Faithful; but more particularly, to those Remnant and chosen ones to whom I stand more immediately and particularly related in the bonds of the Gospel.

Hoping all the Spiritual will take them in good part, and judge of them in the Spirit of Love; to whose Christian corrections I readily submit myself and Labour; hoping also, when they will put the fairest construction and interpretation both upon them and me, that Brotherly Love and Duty binds them to.

## THE SPIRITUAL DEEDS OF THE SAINTS

I could not willingly pass by the Conclusion of this poor Work, until I had first touched something touching the Fall of Myrrorie Babylon, that old and great Whore, and of the Exaltation of our dear Lord; the thoughts of which now in my bonds, makes me very merry, and is as a cordial to comfort my poor heart; for which I wait, and to which time I trust he will keep that which I have committed to him.

My dear Brethren, 'Tis but a very little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry: In this time of our Pilgrimage let us labour to exalt him in our hearts, that he may be chief, and rule as Lord and King there, that when we come to lay down this house of clay, we may be clothed upon with our House from Heaven, and be found of him without fault at his coming: To which end wait diligently upon the Lord in his Word and Ordinances: Be much with God in Prayer, praying for all Saints, and for me the most unworthy Servant of Christ, that I may be kept faithful to death; and let your walks be in Heaven; So shall the King greatly desire thy

# The Epistle DEDICATORY

Beauty, for He is thy Lord, and worship

and Him. *Grace be with you all.*

Amen. To His all-gracious mercies be

From my poor pitiful

Study in *Nebraska*, Your Brother in the

Septem. 22. 1863, dear love of Jesus,

JOHN GRIFFITH,

*Author of the*

*Epistle Dedicatory*

*to the*

*Epistle Dedicatory*

*to the*

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But there is a reason why I am here  
And that is because I am a prisoner  
And that is because I am a prisoner  
And that is because I am a prisoner

SOME

# Prison-Meditations

AND

EXPERIENCES, &c.

**A**S I in Prison lie, I sometimes muse / use,  
What should the reason be they me so  
That they contrary unto Law & Reason,  
Should keep me here in Jayle so long  
No crime or charge against me can they lay, (reason)  
Yet I shall lye in Prison still, they say.  
I think their will's their Law, I cannot see  
But that the reason is they thus use me.  
What should the reason be, they nought will have  
But what's their will to keep me as their slave  
Within stone walls, and bars of iron strong,  
As if I had done unto them such wrong,  
Or had committed crimes of such a nature,  
So filthy and so foul, with so much rancour,  
Against their worships: What have they no Law  
To try me by? Or have they got no maw  
To do me right? What should the reason be?  
I am an English man, and am born free  
My Birth-right is not then without just cause  
To lie in Jayle contrary to the Laws

But

But there's a reason which I now espye,  
 Why they will keep me fast in Prison here,  
 And that's because (they say) I am a Preacher,  
 And of *Phanatiques* am a constant Teacher;  
 And therefore 'tis they me in Prison hold,  
 Unless I would be wickedly so bold  
 To promise them that I will preach no more,  
 Then will they me to liberty restore;  
 If I do conform, then they will shew me favor,  
 Methinks to me these things have no good savor.

But what is't now a crime to preach and pray,  
 That I must lie in Prison night and day?  
 For that, and for no other cause do know,  
 But preaching Truth, must I be used so,  
 Full seventeen Months and more, as I have been  
 In Prison now; is Preaching such a sin,  
 That such as preach, and have not their consent,  
 Can't be redeem'd except they do repent,  
 But must be kept in prison all their dayes  
 (As I shall be (sometimes) their *Worsheps* says?)  
 The Prophet *Moses* was not of this mind,  
 For he would not Gods holy Spirit bind,  
 Nor limit it to this one other man,  
 He was content that those should preach that can;  
 For when complaint against some to him came,  
 Eldad and *Abedan* were the men by name,  
 Of whom *Moses* said, *These men do prophesie*  
 What, for my sake, *Enoch* dost thou envie?  
 I would to God the *Land* were full of such  
 Were Prophets, and that no other might fall.



Such measures of the Spirit from the Lord  
That may enable them to preach his word  
But now the case is alter'd much; for  
Their Worship will not so contented be  
As Moses was; to prison he must go,  
That preacheth now without their leave: I know  
They would not be so serv'd themselves, if they  
Should be forbid to either preach or pray,  
Be clapt in prison for it when they should  
Do either of them, I believe they would  
Not take it well to walk so in the dark;  
The Priest forgets that ere he was a Clerk,  
Would they be us'd so by Romes brats, and be  
Forc't to conform to Romes Idolatry?  
They do profess from Rome they're separated,  
And that by them Romes cruelty is hated:  
And yet will they the conscience forces of those  
That cannot with them in their Worship close.  
Methinks in this they do not do by me  
As they themselves by Rome would us'd be.

But 'tis my comfort in the midst of all  
My many troubles, which some count but small,  
They cannot charge me justly with a fault,  
Which can by Law give cause thus to assault  
My Carcase, so to keep it thus in Jayle,  
Against their Law forbidding to take Baile.  
Nay, though they were commanded by the King,  
They would not him obey, nor us forth bring  
To any Legal trial, that I might  
Receive that just reward which is by right

My

My due, for more of them I do not crave,  
 And 'tis but reason that I that should have  
 Had I by Law deserved Bonds or Death,  
 I should conceiv'd be to lose my breath,  
 But if I have not any Law offended,  
 'Tis time, I know, my trouble now were ended.  
 But I a Preacher am, I don't deny,  
 Though much unworthy of the Ministry;  
 A worthless Worm, & unworthy of that love,  
 That Grace and Mercy which came from above  
 Into my soul, by which I did receive  
 A Mission for to preach without their leave,  
 The Bishop of our souls did me ordain  
 To preach, his Grace I trust is not in vain,  
 That he bestow'd on me to preach his word,  
 And to declare his wondrous works abroad,  
 And though for this I do in prison lye,  
 I can in him rejoice most heartily,  
 And praise that God alone that doth esteem  
 Of such a worthless one as I, and deem  
 Me worthy of the cross, that for his Name,  
 And for the sake of Christ to suffer shame.  
 But yet some say I am a fool to lie  
 In Jayle so long, depriv'd of liberty:  
 Why should not I to them a promise make,  
 That I all kind of preaching will forsake,  
 For 'tis against the Law that such as I  
 Should preach, unless I were ordained by  
 The Bishops, then without all doubt I may,  
 But might they not upon as good ground say,

The blessed Martyrs in the Marian dayes  
 Did act against the Law: for *Henry* sayes,  
 You are not by the Law to preach or pray  
 Except you do conform: such prayers say  
 As by the Queen and Church are now thought fit  
 Should used be throughout the Land: but yet still  
 Those Martyrs then would not be swayed beguile  
 But stoutly stood to Non-conformity  
 They rather chose in fiery flames to burn  
 Than from what truth and light they had to turn

There are two sorts of fools as I have read,  
 And one of them 'tis true I am indead  
 The one wise *Solomon* so plainly paints  
 In their own colours, such will here be painted  
 For, Fools (saith he) are such as knowledge hate  
 Such is their dreadful, miserable state  
 That they the fear of God do never chuse  
 Because they would not Wealth and Honour lose  
 Such set a high esteem upon their lusts  
 Their Pride and Pleasures and their gold that trusts  
 In such like fools inquiry abounds  
 And both in City and in Countrey found  
 Fools belch out Oaths, and dreadful execrations  
 Which are unto the wise man great vexations  
 Fools call on God most wickedly to damn them  
 And dare him to his face, as 'twere, to insult  
 Into the very pit of Hell: Fools say  
 There is no God to hear when men do pray  
 Their Oaths to hear, or punish them for sin  
 Which they with greediness do swallow in

As quaffing off of bowls of Beer and Wine,  
 Until they are as drunk as any Swine;  
 With whooring, roasting, and their sports and play,  
 That by them now is used every day,  
 Abuseing Bulls and Bears with dogs, and such  
 Like sports as these, of which there is too much;  
 With idle Stage Plays too, and such like trade,  
 There's many souls destroyed that God hath made.  
 He then's a fool that for these earthly toys  
 Doth lose eternal life and heavenly joys.

There are another sort of fools I find,  
 But those fools are quite of another mind.  
 These fools all worldly glory do despise,  
 Becoming fools, that so they may be wise.  
 All worldly wisdom there for Christ's account  
 But loss and dung, to win Christ doth formount.  
 All Arts and Sciences, all worldly treasure,  
 There's none to them like him, these take no pleasure  
 In world or worldly things, they are but fools of those  
 Who offers them the world, bids them to lose.  
 These do the glory of the world disdain,  
 Because its greatest glory is but vain.  
 An empty shell, a water bubble fading,  
 Its greatest glory is not worth the having.  
 These are such fools they can more glory see  
 In Christ their Prince, than any there can be  
 In all the Honor, Glory, Beauty, Fame,  
 The world affords, or any tongue can name.  
 A crucified Christ these fools would know,  
 As for the world, say they, tush, let it go.

The world no price nor comfort can afford,  
Like to a minutes presence of the Lord.

Though wife and children unto them be deare,  
Yea dearer far than any thing that's here.

That if the world were theirs, at their dispose,  
Yet would they be content it all to lose.

Before they'd part with either wife or child,  
Their pretty babes so tender and so mild.

And yet the Love of Christ is dearer far,  
Unto their souls than wife or children are.

The love of Jesus Christ surpasseth all:  
These fools are ready when their Lord doth call.

To leave for him their Wife and Children, and  
Their Goods and Houses, Countrey, & their Lands.

Yea, Life it self (though sweet) for his sweet sake,  
That for their filthy sins did undertake.

These know their Life is hid with him in God,  
And thus he will them help, to bear the Rod.

These are such fools they know that persecution  
Is unto them a token of salvation.

And that unto their persecutors  
A certain token of perdition is.

Such fools as these I therefore highly prize,  
For there are none but such that's truly wise.

'Tis true, to worldly wise man he's a fool,  
That seeks no other wisdom then the School.

Affords that Christ instructs his Scholars in,  
There's none of them that values that a pin.

The Spirits teaching such laugh at and scorn,  
And do resolve that of it they'l not learn.

And

And therefore God that is just and only wise  
 Doth justly stop their ears, and blind their eyes,  
 And from the precious hides his precious truths.  
 When he to ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~born~~ <sup>born</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~whose~~ <sup>whose</sup> ~~mouth~~ <sup>mouth</sup>  
 He will have praise, they shall the good way find.  
 When those that say they see, are wondrous blind.  
 Well then, I am content a fool to be,  
 But not a fool that loves iniquity,  
 But such a fool who for eternal life,  
 Am well content to suffer more than this  
 For his sweet sake that suffered more for me  
 When for my sake he dyed on a tree  
 A bitter, cursed, bitter, cruel death  
 On my behalf, to expiate the wrath  
 Of God his Father: there was none but he  
 Could do it, and that the more engageth me  
 To be a fool, as fools please to esteem me  
 For precious Jesus sake, who died to redeem me  
 Whose love unto my soul I far above prize  
 Than all the fading wealth beneath the sky  
 And for his glorious Name am well content  
 To suffer and endure imprisonment  
 And do resolve through Christ's strength to grow  
 I nere will be so filthy, vile and base,  
 By any means my liberty to gain,  
 Whereby the Name of God might be profane.  
 I were a fool indeed if for my life  
 I should so much my Conscience wick and rife  
 Of all that consolation, joy and peace,  
 And in a moment cause it all to cease.

That

That I now have and feel in Christ my Lord,  
 By Faith and Grace, and comfort of his word,  
 And wrack that Faith by which I know I stand  
 In full assurance that the Holy Land,  
 That Paradise of God, that Rest I mean,  
 That goodly place no mortal eye hath seen,  
 Is mine by right of testament, and wil,  
 Confirm'd to me by blood which Christ did spill,  
 To purchase that possession for my soul  
 Where him I shall enjoy without controul,  
 And there I know I God and him shall see  
 In perfect joy, and true felicity;  
 All sorrow then with me shall have an end  
 No more Oppression shall my soul offend:  
 What ever now I lose, I then shall find;  
 Oh how the thoughts of this contents my mind!  
 There shall I see a joyful, goodly sight,  
 Those precious souls, and those Saints in light  
 That have before endur'd the Cross and shame,  
 Reproach, rebuke and scorn, defame and blame,  
 With cruel mockings, scourgings, whippings and  
 Most barbarous deaths almost in ev'ry Land,  
 Which for a Crown of Life they did abide,  
 A Kingdom, Glory, and a Throne beside:  
 What tongue can tell me what that joy will be,  
 When I so many blessed Saints shall see,  
 All glorifi'd, and shining as the Sun,  
 And as the Stars, far brighter than the Moon,  
 With blessed *Abram* Father of the faithful,  
 The thoughts of this methinks is wondrous joyful.

There will be *Isaac, Jacob, and the rest*  
 That in the Lord are sweetly gone to rest;  
 There *Peter, Paul and John, with many more,*  
 That in their Pilgrimage laid up in store  
 A good foundation 'gainst the time to come,  
 VWho for Christ sake forsook both all and some;  
 With all those blessed Martyrs that have bore  
 A faithful testimony 'gainst the Whore,  
 Those hellish, filthy, cruel brats of *Rome,*  
 And all their *Romish* stuff, their dross and scum;  
 Their god of bread, their great abomination,  
 Their idle, brain-sick *Transubstantiation*;  
 If I among all these do get a share,  
 As praised be the Lord I nothing fear;  
 But in this place of joy I have my portion,  
 A place of Rest, a Stock, a House, a Mansion;  
 As Christ my Jesus when he went away,  
 Did to his well-beloy'd Disciples say,  
*That sure within his Fathers House were many;*  
 And this I doubt not, but if there be any,  
 He will prepare a dwelling-place for me,  
 VWhere I shall all this glory find and see;  
 Then were not I a fool if for my freedom  
 I should offend dear Christ, and lose a Kingdom,  
 A throne, a Crown of Life and endless Glory;  
 If I were such a fool, I should be sorry.  
 VWhat would it profit should I gain the world,  
 If shortly into Hell my soul be hurld  
 Among the damn'd, not only for a moment,  
 But if ever to endure eternal torment.



In flames of fire to waste and not consume,  
 In dreadful, dismal sights, where is no room  
 Left for Repentance, no Redemption new  
 From this *Tartari'n Lake*, infernal Crew,  
 Where Dives may to Father *Abra'm* cry,  
 Oh Father Abram, see what torment I  
 Endure in flames of fire; my scorched tongue  
 Doth burn and fry; Oh Father be not long,  
 But send good *Laz'rus*, who I once rejected,  
 I now in torments am; but he's respected:  
 Send him (I pray) to ease my tongue, my grief,  
 And with cold water give me some relief.

But *Abraham* thus answer'd him, and said,  
 My Son, remember when thou wast array'd  
 In Purple and fine Linnen, and didst fare  
 Deliciously, thou wouldst by no means spare  
 The sorry crumbs that from thy Table fell;  
 But now he is in Heav'n, thou art in Hell:  
 Thou hadst thy portion in that World before;  
 Thy torments now must be for evermore:  
 You'll then conclude with me, as I hope well,  
 I'd better dye in *Jayl*, than burn in *Hell*.

A Gaol! what's that? it's no unpleasant thing  
 If *Christ* be there, that only blessed King;  
 He with his Love doth make a Prison sweeter,  
 (Tho unto sence it seems to be so bitter)  
 Than any Princely Court, or stately Palace,  
 When with his presence he the soul doth solace.  
 If in a Prison *Jesus Christ* be there,  
 It's cause of joy to meet him any where.

No sorrow can nor will that soul beride  
 That hath dear Jesus lying by his side:  
 And he that night and day can take a nap,  
 In Jesus Christ the Lord's Anointed's Lap,  
 Can there rejoyce, and in a Dungeon sing  
 For joy of heart, that Christ is there with him.

Tho *Paul* and *Silas* in the stocks were laid,  
 At midnight they in that condition pray'd,  
 And sung for joy of heart, their Lord was there,  
 And with his love did them refresh and chear,  
 And made their bonds so pleasant and so choice  
 With his good presence, comforts and sweet voice,  
 That made them sing aloud with joyful praise,  
 Which did their Jaylers stonish and amaze,  
 And put them into such a fright and fear,  
 They could not tell the Prisoners were there,  
 Not knowing that in Prison they were free,  
 When others were in bonds, in liberty.

Why should I then with Prison-bonds be frighted  
 (Tho in my bonds I am by many slighted?)  
 Sith I full many, many times have known,  
 That blessed Jesus leaves me not alone,  
 But doth refresh my soul both day and night,  
 I never am out of his Princely sight.

He by his Spirit doth my soul uphold,  
 So teach and comfort, strengthen and new-mold,  
 So frame, so form, so fashion and compose  
 My heart so vile, to be at his dispose,  
 That with my bonds I'm mighty well content,  
 And at's command to be, I'm fully bent.

So he with strength and grace support my soul;  
 VVho ere he be in this that shall controul.

And so he please still to continue with me,  
 Nor will he ever leave me nor forsake me,  
 As he hath promis'd in his faithful word,  
 VVhich I believe, and to it do accord,  
 And am ascertain'd that he cannot lye;  
 Nor ne'r his holy, blessed self deny;  
 Nor will he break that Covenant he made  
 VVith faithful *Abraham*, and all his seed,  
 That seed of Faith, I mean, not of the Law;  
 That which the Scriptures long ago foresaw;  
 Then need not I to fear what man can do,  
 (VVhat ere he be) that faith he'll make me rue.

If Christ my Jesus be but on my part,  
 I need not fear, they cannot make me smart;  
 Nor can they touch my hair, except he please  
 Them to permit, I cannot one hair leese;  
 But should he them permit to try my Faith;  
 My Love and zeal to him, and for his truth,  
 On me some grievous torments to inflict,  
 VVith which my sinful flesh they should afflict,  
 And sorely bruise, and wound, and cut and burn,  
 Yet would such handlings to my comfort turn;  
 In taking up, and bearing of the Cross,  
 There can nor will be to my soul no loss;  
 It is the certain way unto the Crown,  
 Christ went that way himself, 'twas his renown!

Then now O Lord assist me with thy Grace,  
 That I may run (not faint) that blessed race

Which in the end will bring me to that rest:  
 Where Sin and Satan can't my soul molest,  
 Where I shall never hear Oppressions voice,  
 Nor grief, nor pain, nor trouble, but rejoyce  
 In thee alone, and praise thy holy Name,  
 Admire thy Glory, Beauty, and thy Fame;  
 Where I shall have no work to do but praise  
 The God of Heav'n, the King of Saints always.

And if thou Lord dost please still to employ me  
 In any harder work, thereby to try me,  
 Grant as the day is, so my strength may be,  
 For strength I have not any but from thee.  
 And then command me what shall seem good to thee,  
 I am thy Servant, ready to obey thee.

1. **M**Y soul praise thou the God of Might,  
 And in the Lord be glad,  
 His Grace is wondrous in thy sight,  
 for he such pity had

2. Of thee when thou a sinful wretch  
 didst wallow in the mire  
 Of lust and filth, then did he snatch  
 a brand out of the fire.

3. He lov'd thee when thou lov'd'st not him,  
 such was his Love and Grace,  
 He took thee from the very brim  
 Of Hell that dismal place.

4. VVhen terrors did my soul amaze,  
and sorrows day and night,  
He out of them my soul did raise  
to see those beams so bright,

5. That on my darken'd soul did shine;  
which darted from the Son  
Of Mercy, Grace, and Love Divine,  
my soul with it was won,

6. More to admire than comprehend;  
comprehend I could not,  
VVhat kind of love God did intend  
unto my soul, I knew not.

7. Comfort and light I did receive,  
which sweetly staid my heart,  
And made me wait, hope and believe  
God would his mind impart.

8. At length unto my thirsting mind  
that long'd so much to know  
More of his Grace and Mercy kind,  
the Lord was pleas'd to show

9. Unto my soul that these were pangs,  
new-birth pangs upon me,  
Which much in doubt for sometime hangs,  
I knew not they were on me.

10. But when the Lord had me begat  
 a lively hope unto,  
 Then I perceiv'd 'twas nought but that  
 with cords my soul he drew :

11. I say, with cords of love so sweet,  
 so choice unto my soul,  
 With which the Lord did me then meet,  
 that was so vile and foul.

12. Then straight-way did the Lord speak peace  
 and issues out a pardon,  
 The troubles of my soul did cease;  
 that heart which I did harden,

13. VVas then most sweetly mollifi'd,  
 even melted, and so broken,  
 My soul was then so satisfi'd  
 it hardly can be spoken.

14. Oh then how was my heart inflam'd  
 with love to Christ my Lord,  
 That of his word I was not asham'd,  
 but gladly could afford

15. To lose my *All* for his dear sake  
 that lost his Life for me,  
 And laid it down, that he might make  
 my peace with God, and be

16. An able Saviour that can save  
 Me to the uttermost,  
 That I an open way might have  
 to God, which I had lost.

17. Oh then my soul, how art thou bound  
 thy self to serve no more!  
 Thou from the Lord hast mercy found,  
 praise thou his Name therefore.

18. Be not a servant unto men,  
 their lusts do not obey;  
 Nor serve no longer any sin  
 that will thee soon destroy.

19. But serve the Lord with all thy might,  
 'twas he that hath thee bought,  
 Thou art non's else, but his of right,  
 he thy salvation wrought,

20. And paid a price for thee so dear,  
 so precious and so great;  
 Then praise the Lord, him love and fear,  
 for that is wondrous meet.

21. Forsake him not, he is thy Life,  
 thy Peace, thy Joy, thy All;  
 A present help in time of strife,  
 in troubles great and small.

22. And tho the wicked rage and storm,  
and threaten what they'l do,  
There's none of them can do thee harm,  
Christ is thy Rock: then lo,

23. What cause to fear the wrath of man,  
it's that shall praise the Lord,  
And the remainder he'l restrain;  
this shall be known abroad.

24. My soul trust thou in God alone,  
fear not what man can do;  
For Christ will sit upon his throne,  
and then to them, wo, wo.

This I have learn'd, and by experience found,  
The more my troubles for Christ do abound,  
My joy and comfort by Christ doth encrease,  
And daily grow and multiply, not cease,  
Decay nor vanish, but my Lord doth still  
Exceedingly my soul (with his sweet will)  
Affect, please and delight, there's nothing more  
Can do't; the King of Saints be prais'd therefore.

It's true, there can be no affliction joyous  
Unto the flesh, but very sore and grievous:  
The flesh doth not esteem a Prison gainful,  
But bitter, and most miserably painful,  
And so I find it sometimes is with me,  
It makes me wish in heart I could get free,

Always



Alwayes provided I could have the same  
 With honor to my Lord (the King) and's Name;  
 Which is more dear to me than is my life,  
 My little all, my Children, and my Wife;  
 And they are dearer to me, tho I say't,  
 Then all the world beside; I'm sure I know't:  
 Then if I with my flesh and blood should reason,  
 I ne'r had staid in Jayl so long a season.

I have not been from all temptations free,  
 But many times they have assaulted me;  
 But Christ with's Grace my soul hath so sustain'd,  
 That on my soul temptations have not gain'd  
 Such ground or root against me to prevail;  
 Through him they have not made me faint or fail:  
 And though they seem to be no pleasant things,  
 Yet are they such as profit to me brings:  
 For by temptation is my Faith so prov'd,  
 And made more precious, when I'm nothing mov'd  
 But helpt against them, and made to endure;  
 They work such patience in me, I am sure,  
 That I'm contented to abide the storm,  
 Because they work for good, and not for harm.

I plainly find by tribulations, I  
 Have learn'd my many frailties to espye,  
 Such as I never knew nor learn'd before;  
 I little thought that I had had such store;  
 I now can see my heart so vile, so base,  
 So prone to start aside, sin to embrace,  
 So ready to betray me to my foes,  
 That lodge within my breast, and with them close;

So dull, so stupid, and so indispos'd,  
 So vain, so foolish, seldom well compos'd,  
 So ready to affect the world, and to self,  
 Secretly saying, *Master, save thyself;*  
*Why shouldst thou thus thy tender self expose*  
*To be so long afflicted by thy foes?*  
*Why shouldst thou man so long in Prison lye?*  
*Thou maist fall sick, and of that sickness dye;*  
*Ponder the matter well, tender thy life,*  
*Thy pretty children, and thy loving Wife.*

So selfish is my heart, so prone to please  
 This sinful flesh of mine, that loves its ease,  
 So full of unbelief and diffidence,  
 So ready to let go all confidence,  
 So fruitless, negligent, ungrateful,  
 So crafty and so subtle, so deceitful,  
 I find it hard my heart to understand,  
 It hath so many turnings, windings, and  
 So many evils doth it still attend,  
 I dare not trust it, nor unto it lend  
 An ear to hear its many cunning quirks  
 That in it secretly, lies hid and lurks,  
 But watch against, oppose and crucifie,  
 Lest it prevail ore me, and so I dye,  
 And sleep the sleep of death, and all in vain  
 I do or suffer, prove my loss, no gain.

Now then my soul behold what cause thou hast  
 To look back to the time that's gone and past,  
 And see, consider, weigh, remember and  
 Bewail thy sins for number as the sand:

Thy

Thy self abhor, and loath, and mourn for thy  
 Uncomeliness and great impurity  
 To Christ thy Prince, that ever blessed one,  
 That dy'd for thee, else hadst thou been undone,  
 And held in Chains of darkness evermore,  
 In Hell thy self to moan, thy sins deplore;  
 A bondslave held in Satans Chain and Kingdom,  
 Subjected to his will, his wiles and wisdom;  
 If thou shouldst have what thou by sin didst merit,  
 Thou never wilt eternal life inherit.  
 Look back, I say, behold and see what case  
 Thou'rt in through sin, that so by thee the Grace  
 Of Christ thy King, may so be magnifi'd,  
 His Name exalted, and so glorifi'd,  
 That thou maist live for ever in his sight,  
 And that the King in thee may take delight.

And now behold my soul how thou art bound,  
 Here the rich love of the Lord to sound,  
 Declare and publish, that all men may see  
 How dearly Christ thy King hath loved thee,  
 And what the manner of that love hath been,  
 In taking thee from such a state of sin,  
 From Satans pow'r of darkness into light,  
 Translating thee into that Kingdom bright  
 Of his dear Son, that Prince of Life and Peace  
 And Lord of Glory, who will never cease  
 By's blood to speak far better things than all  
 The blood of *Abel* did, which loud did call  
 For God's just vengeance 'gainst his brother *Cain*,  
 Who had his brother murder'd, kill'd and slain;

I say

I say, that speaks far better things for thee;  
 On thy behalf; to God his Father; he  
 By virtue of his Death and Mediation;  
 Who lives for ever making intercession; (ting,  
 By which he pleads thy cause, where now he's sit-  
 And answers for those sins thou art committing  
 In weakness, frailty, and against thy will,  
 Consent, good liking; and doth daily fill  
 Thee with assurance that thy sin's forgiven,  
 And blotted out, and all those scores made even  
 That thou stoodst charged with before the seat  
 Of God's tribunal, terrible and great,  
 Which in that *Court of Conscience* there was plac't,  
 In which thou wast arraign'd, condemn'd and cast.

1. How wonderful thy goodness Lord  
 hath ever been to me,  
 That thou such kindness shouldst afford  
 of Grace and Mercy free,

2. To such a sinful wretch as I,  
 so empty and so vile,  
 So fill'd with such iniquity,  
 that's ready me to file.

3. O Lord, it's wondrous in my sight,  
 that thou shouldst have regard  
 To such a worthless, nothing-wight,  
 which makes my heart (though hard)

4. To melt as wax before the fire,  
 when I thy Grace do weigh,  
 It so enflameth my desire;  
 Come Lord, and make no stay,

5. And let my soul taste more of love,  
 my soul is not content  
 Without those show'rs fall from above  
 that may my soul prevent :

6. Those show'rs of mercy, love & grace  
 that may be to my heart ,  
 As show'rs to the new-mown grass ,  
 that I may ne'r depart

7. From thee who art my God and King,  
 my Refuge and my Stay ;  
 But that I may thy praises sing :  
 Come Lord without delay.

The more Christ doth himself to me make known,  
 The more to me his love and Grace is shown :  
 The more my soul enjoys and doth possess,  
 The more it longs to have that happiness,  
 More to receive, enjoy, find, feel and taste,  
 That by its force, and strength, and power, at last  
 All those remains of sin might be subdu'd,  
 And that no fair pretence might me delude,  
 Deceive and harm, by taking of my mind  
 From Heav'n & Heav'nly things; nor me so blind,

Or cause to dote on any thing below,  
 Or make my simple heart in love to grow  
 With them, or any thing they can propose,  
 The more I gain of them, the more I lose. (might)

And that through Christ and strength of grace I  
 Have all my whole affections vanquish'd quite;  
 So kill'd, so slain, so conquer'd and overcome,  
 That in my heart there might be left no room  
 For any filthy sin or lust to harbour,  
 That oft hath caus'd my soul to sigh, and labour  
 Under the pow'r thereof, the grief, the pain,  
 Of which my heart doth many times complain  
 By reason of the domineering power  
 Of Sin and Satan, that for ev'ry hour  
 Did once assault me with its bates and wiles,  
 Those cunning stratagems which oft beguiles  
 Poor souls, and brings them oft-times to a snare,  
 In which they're taken ere they are aware.

But now this is become my souls ambition,  
 To have it brought in full and whole subjection  
 To Jesus Christ my Lord, that nought but he  
 May rule and bear the sway in me, and be  
 Both uppermost and chief, and reign as King  
 Within my soul and heart; oh! that's the thing  
 I long to find, and feel, and know, and have,  
 And day and night do always beg and crave,  
 That Christ might dwell by Faith so in my heart,  
 That I might get and learn that blessed Art,  
 To bring down ev'ry thought into subjection,  
 And cast down ev'ry vain imagination,

And

And ev'ry high thing that doth self and flesh  
 Exalt against the Lord my God, I wish  
 And earnestly desire that I might be  
 So dying to the world, the world to me,  
 Transform'd by the renewing of my mind,  
 And not conform'd unto the world, but find  
 The Art to know and prove what is that good,  
 That perfect, acceptable will of God;  
 And that I might the pow'r of Jesus know,  
 The power of his Resurrection, so  
 The fellowship of his dear suffering;  
 That my poor soul might be in ev'ry thing  
 At his dispose, and while I've life and breath,  
 So made conformable unto his death,  
 That if by any means I might attain  
 The resurrection of the dead, and gain  
 To be conform'd to th' Image of the Son,  
 Who 'mongst the many Brethren was first-born,  
 That I in heart and mind might dwell no more  
 Here on the earth, but in my spirit sore,  
 Rest, dwell, and live, and walk, and climb  
 Into that Paradise, that Throne sublime,  
 Where Christ doth sit in shining glory, he  
 I'de there be with, and ever with him be:  
 With which most glorious place O Lord affect  
 My stony heart, that I may have respect  
 To nothing more, nor nothing more to eye,  
 Than that reward that's in Eternity,  
 That so my soul may have the strength to bear  
 The troubles I am like to meet with here,

That in the darkest of time and day,  
No trouble may my soul amaze nor fray.

And take away the Clouds and Mists that be  
Sometimes between my heart, my soul and thee,  
That sometimes veils from me that love & light,  
And hides thy face and glory from my sight,  
Which makes my soul for to lament and mourn,  
Such troubles are too heavy to be born.

And suffer not my soul no more to live  
So much below that glory thou wilt give  
To those that love thy Name, to those that seek  
The Lord thy Christ, and wait when he'll appear,  
And fill my heart and soul with such a measure  
Of Light, in that estimable treasure,  
That I by Faith thy glorious face may see,  
With which my soul may still refreshed be,  
And always have assurance of thy love,  
By that sweet sealing-Spirit from above.

Take up my thoughts into those endless joys,  
Let me no longer live upon those toys  
That's here on earth, those passing earthly things,  
That rather to my soul disquiet brings,  
Than any joy or comfort, Lord I find,  
There's nothing in this world gives peace of mind.  
In that Celestial place where thou dost dwell,  
That place of glory that no tongue can tell,  
Nor mortal eye hath seen, nor heart conceive  
What's there in store for them that do believe,  
There where thy Presence is, there's fulness, store  
Of joy and pleasures, now and evermore.

Then



Then, by thy Spirit give me to behold  
 The Glory of thy Self, to me unfold  
 That most transcendent Beauty, and that Light,  
 Where Angels worship thee both day and night;  
 That though no heart is able to conceive it,  
 Nor mortal eye perceive the Brightness of it,  
 Nor tongue relate what things are laid up there,  
 For them that do thee love, and serve, and fear;  
 And though I can't the least of Mercies merit,  
 Yet Lord reveal them to me by thy Spirit,  
 That I may daily more and more so fight,  
 So disesteem the world, that I so might  
 Just as a pilgrim-stranger, travel here,  
 So freed from all the world and worldly care,  
 That I might never think my self at home,  
 Until I find that City that's to come.

Before thou canst arrive this blessed Port,  
 And enter in this Haven, such a sort  
 Of waves and tempests may against thee rise,  
 Which Satan will against thee so devise,  
 To keep thee off by force, with wind & weather,  
 Unless thou play the man thou' t ne'r come thither;  
 Then look about thee and consider well,  
 And hearken unto what I shall thee tell;  
 Thou seest thou hast a journey now to go,  
 Be careful that thou dost it travel so,  
 Still casting off those things that may thee let,  
 That thou may'st safely to the end on't get.  
 Thou art no other than a stranger here,  
 A sojourner as all thy fathers were.

Then think not thou shalt be so kindly us'd  
 For strangers many times are much abus'd  
 Though strangers should be all receiv'd well  
 And entertained be, if all times tell  
 That sojourners, and such as strangers be  
 Which travel towards Heav'n eternally  
 That holy City, *beav'nly Canaan*,  
 Did find small friendship here from any man;  
 Our fathers, *Abraham*, and *Isaac* too,  
 With *Jacob*, and the rest, did find it so;  
 For they did live as *strangers* in the Land,  
 Which was by Promise *their own Country*, and  
 Because they sought a City God had made  
 That had foundations, he the basis laid  
 The builder and the maker of the same  
 Was he alone: they from their Country came  
 To sojourn in the *Land of Promise*, when  
 God call'd them forth out of their Country, then  
 They sought by Faith another Country, where  
 They should have rest from travel, and the care  
 That usually attends the way they went  
 To *beav'nly Canaan* where they were bent  
 To go through thick and thin, what ere it cost,  
 The end would make amends for all they lost  
 They all did die in Faith, did not receive  
 The Promise, yet the Promise did believe.

And if, my soul, thou dost intend to go  
 In that same path they went, thou'lt find it so,  
 That thou art but a *Pilgrim-Stranger* here,  
 A Traveller unto a Country, where

Thou

Thou with a *Rising* place enjoy indeed; it is  
 Then go not back, but on the way proceed:  
 Think it no hard thing thou shouldst be a *stranger*,  
 And that thou art attended with such danger  
 In thy own native Country, nay, *in* place,  
 That very City, which with such disgrace  
 Hath thee abus'd with such contempt and scorn,  
 In which thou wert both bred, brought up & born;  
 Who should of right a Mother be to thee,  
 And thou her Child defend from injurie,  
 And from whose breasts thou shouldst suck nourish-  
 And not from her sustain such deniment (ment,  
 As thou hast done, and still art like to do,  
 If she so much degenerate into a *monster*,  
 A Monster so unnatural and strong,  
 Without all pity to devour her young;  
 If thou hadst unto her some Rebel bin,  
 Then justly might she punish thee for sin;  
 If thou by Oaths hadst made her *band to men*,  
 That were a thing she ought not to have born;  
 Or, hadst thou by such foul debauchery,  
 Her glory blemish'd with such infamy,  
 As some have done, she ought not to refrain  
 From such Corrections as might thee restrain;  
 Or, hadst thou given any cause unto her  
 Her righteously or justly to pursue  
 Thee at this rate, as for some time she hath done,  
 Then, let her never own thee for her son,  
 But cast thee off as one to be rejected,  
 And nevermore by her to be respected.

But if thou hast in nothing her offended,  
 Nor any evil to her hast intended;  
 If thou hast rather laboured her to save, (have  
 From those great Evils, which God's Judgements  
 Been threatened long against her glory, then  
 Why should the evilly intreat thee, when  
 Thou speak'st sometimes, yet keep'st within thy sin  
 Against her sins, sin belongeth any Nation, (non  
 And will at length bring down that dreadful Wrath  
 Of that just God, whose Judgments on the Earth  
 Have often been manifested on such places,  
 To do uncleanness who have set their faces,  
 And have rejected counsel, who did harden  
 Their hearts like to a stone, such God won't spare  
 Though he will suffer long, and presently (don  
 Don't rain down Fire and Brimston from on high,  
 As once he did on Sodom, who the strangers  
 That Lot receiv'd, who, like devouring rangers,  
 The Angels hunted for about Lot's door,  
 Until they smitten were with blindness sore;  
 Nor would they hearken unto Lot's advice,  
 But griev'd his soul, persisted in such vice  
 That did from Heav'n bring down God's Wrath  
 Consum'd they were with his eternal Fire. (fre  
 Dost thou to London do such injury,  
 When thou reprov'st her sins so modestly,  
 That no exceptions justly can be taken,  
 To that end too that London might awaken,  
 And from her sins return, repent, and live,  
 And never more such great occasion give

To God, whose Wrath revealed is upon them  
 Against all such unrighteousness of men,  
 That Truth will hold on all unrighteousness,  
 And live in every kind of viciousness,  
 As she hath done for many years, and doth  
 By crying sine call down for God's great Wrath  
 And is there any way she can prevent  
 The Wrath of God, except she do repent?  
 Then is not he her friend that doth reprove  
 Her for her crying sine, so much in love  
 To her and hers, that alwayes prays she may  
 Be kept from those sore plagues, that evry day  
 Hangs o're her head, and will for certain be  
 Upon her on a sudden, and then she  
 May cry, Alas! would we had counsel taken,  
 We had not then been now of God forsaken.

But if for what thy duty is, she doth  
 Become so far thy enemy and foe,  
 To persecute thee for't yet more and more,  
 And use thee ten times worse than heretofore  
 She did, yet go thou on, and never cease  
 To cry aloud, and spare not, speak in peace  
 To such as hate reproof, and such as take  
 Delight in serving sin, else mayst thou make  
 Thy self partake with them as guilty be,  
 As they are of their own iniquity,  
 For so doth duty bind, and love to those  
 Who for thy love are now become such foes  
 To thee, that how to ruine thee they seek,  
 And quite undo thy Wife and Children's weal  
 Though

Though badly they requite thy love and pains,  
 As for to let thee have no better gains,  
 Yet this will comfort be unto thee still;  
 That God will recompence thy wrongs, and will  
 For what thou doest in love to him, reward  
 Thee for't, and will assuredly regard  
 Thy sighs and groanings, which are secretly  
 Put up to him; into his ears they fly;  
 His heart they move, his piercing eyes to pity;  
 But *Who will be to the oppressing City.*

V What ere the usage be thou meetest with here,  
 It can't be worse than what thy Saviour dear  
 Did find and meet with from the hands of them  
 That were his Country-men, for unto him  
 They gave but sorry entertainment too,  
 Although the best they had was but his due:  
 For him they stigmatiz'd with names so bad,  
 They said *he had a Devil, and was mad,*  
 And call'd him *Beelzebub*, they were so bold;  
 Much more then will they them of his household,  
*The Servant is not greater than his Lord,*  
 If they no better welcome could afford  
 To give to him that was the Lord of all;  
 Thy entertainment then can be but small,  
 Who art a stranger in thy Country now;  
 A Freeman, yet a Foreigner, then how  
 Canst thou expect to be accommodated  
 Where thou a stranger art, and so much hated,  
 By such as don't thee know, nor can't thee love,  
 Because thou art a Child born from above.

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And

And yet thou dost more require, this,  
 Than quietly in peace aling to pass  
 Unto that most *Celestiall Country*,  
 No injury thou'lt do to any man,  
 No brawle thou dost not seek to have, or ease,  
 But what's thine own, no more no other man's,  
 Their Gold nor Silver neither dost thou crave,  
 As for their Honour none of it thou'lt have,  
 And yet, like *Eſau*, they prove so unkind,  
 Thou canst not through this world a passage find  
 To go in peace, without the fear of danger,  
 Unto that Country where thou art no stranger,  
 But go thou must, there is no remedy,  
 'Tis but a folly by the way to lye,  
 Shouldst thou go back and from that Country fly,  
 Take opportunity for to return  
 Back to the *man*, on unto the *mine*,  
 As thou maist many have, with thou desire  
 To live at ease, and take thy pleasure here;  
 But then be sure thou'lt lose the glory there,  
 And like to *Eſau*, fall to so much bondage,  
 To sell thy Birthright for a mess of pottage.

Then, as a Pilgrim stranger thy self takes,  
 Thou art no other, no provision make  
 But what may serve thee in thy journey here,  
 That is enough, then take no further care,  
 Consider, here no biding place hast thou,  
 No City that continue will, then how  
 Shouldst thou that care that is inordinate  
 Cast off, lest thou shouldst surfeit with it, strait?  
 Or

Or it be in thee like to weeds and thorne,  
 Far worse then all the cruel mockes and scorps  
 That thou maist meet with in this pilgrim state  
 From all the Seed of *Ismael*, who hate  
 The free-born Children, and the heavenly Seed,  
 Which do the Land of Promise chiefly heed,  
 But cast thy care on God, and be content  
 With *Food and Rayment*, which he hath thee sent,  
 And hitherto provided hath for thee;  
 Then let thy care be cast on him, for he  
 Doth care for thee and thine, and alwayes will;  
 Then let thy care be only to fulfill  
 His blessed mind, and how thou maist him please,  
 To do his Will brings most content and ease.  
 Consider that the World doth passe away,  
 There's nothing in't that will long with thee stay,  
 Nor nothing in't that brings true comfort neither,  
 But he that doth Gods will abides for ever. (Self)  
 Why shouldst thou then seek great things for thy  
 Nay, seek them not, nor any worldly wealth,  
 It is but labour lost, if thou hadst got  
 The world: for all its glory profits not  
 But rather will a hindrance prove to thee,  
 No furtherance at all the world can be  
 In this thy journey, which thou now must go,  
 Then love it not, but count it for thy foe.  
 Remember Godliness is such great gain,  
 Together with Contentment, if attain  
 Unto't thou dost, it will thee richer make  
 Than all the world can do, then nere forsake



That way in which thou maist be rich in faith,  
 There's none is truly rich but he that hath  
 That durable and everlasting treasure  
 Which far exceeds the glory, wealth and pleasure  
 That all the world affords; if one had all  
 Which is therein, its glory is but small;  
 For on the greatest of it may be writ,  
 All is but transitory, and not fit  
 For none but those that will no other have,  
 Which leaves men ere they get unto the grave;  
 Those mind no more then what will bring them  
 Tho there they part, & cannot go together (thither  
 But Heav'nly treasure is not of this kind,  
 A man can never leave this wealth behind;  
 The dead are bless'd that in the Lord do dye,  
 They rest from labour, and their work doth bid  
 To follow after them; they have no loss,  
 Death unto such produceth no such cross,  
 Their wealth to lose, for them to dye is gain,  
 Because with Christ they'l evermore remain.  
 What blessedness is like unto this bliss!  
 What riches is comparable to this!  
 Though one be poor, yet making many rich;  
 And though one nothing have, to be one which  
 Posselleth all things, and can say, All's mine,  
 And unto him that doth believe, all's thine  
 Gods Ministers are yours, the world withall,  
 And life and death, this substance is not small;  
 Things present and to come are also yours;  
 It can't be known what wealth true faith procures.

He only is the wealthy happy man  
 That reads Gods precious promises, and can  
 Believe and truly say, that there are made  
 To him in Christ; what ere in them is said  
 He can by Faith apply, by Faith can see  
 That none of them are *Yes* and *Alas*, but *Thy*  
 In Christ *Yes* and *Amen*, all of them are  
 To him that in them through Christ hath a share.  
 According to our Proverb is the fate  
 Of that man to be poor that God doth hate;  
 And such are they that doth oppression use,  
 And do the innocent therewith abuse;  
 Who are corrupt and partial in the Law,  
 That do the poor and needy tear and claw,  
 Like to a Lyon, or a ranging Bear,  
 So wicked Rulers to the people are,  
 Which do encourage those that evil do,  
 But do the righteous Lion-like pursue;  
 That do abhor the upright man, and hate  
 Him likewise that rebuketh in the Gate;  
 That Judgment turn to Wormwood, & who hath  
 Left executing Righteousness on earth;  
 Whose treading is upon the poor, who make  
 That man their prey that doth their way forsake,  
 Or that departeth from iniquity,  
 Such they account for mad men, and who buy  
 The needy for a pair of shoes, the poor  
 That buy for silver, by oppression sore  
 Such cause the righteous man to howle and cry  
 With violence the earth is covered, by  
 Their

Their turning Iudgement backward into Gall,  
 The fruit of Righteousness to Hemlock, all  
 Such men are very poor, though very rich;  
 This is an Orthodox truth, but yet which  
 May seem to be a Paradox to shote.

That love the world, and have us honor chose;

Then see my soul thou dost not fret at him,  
 That seems to prosper in his way, nor them

That know no sorrow like to other men;

Whole eyes stand out with farnels, and whole pen

Writes grievousness, which thing they have pre-

To turn aside from *iudgment*, unless bribed: (scused)

The needy and the right of him that's poor

They take away, and by oppression sore

The Widow doth become to them a prey,

And th' fatherless are robbed ev'ry day;

Although with far such have got shining faces,

Yet they (my soul) do stand in slippery places;

Then envy not their great prosperity,

Their breath is in their nostrils, they must dye;

Though pride doth compais such as with a chain

And violence, yet such men are but vain;

They in their best estate are vanity,

And so are all things else beneath the sky;

And God will bring such men to desolation,

The wicked shall not stand in th' Congregation

Of the upright; such are but as a dream

In which a man in's sleep doth think and deem

He hath much wealth; but when he doth awaken,

He finds it but a dream, himself mistaken.

So are such men, the Lord will sure despise  
 Their Image when he doth awake and rise  
 To call them down into destruction, then  
 They'll know that God's the Lord, and that he can  
 Them in a moment visit all with horror,  
 And can them utterly consume with terror.  
 If this be so, thou hast no cause to fear,  
 The fear of man will bring thee to a snare.  
 Trust thou in God, and then thou wilt be safe,  
 For God thy God such strength and power hath,  
 Thou needst not fear what man, a worm, can do,  
 Whose dayes are as a span, his hours few;  
 Who is as grass that flourisheth to day,  
 But on the morrow goes quite to decay.  
 Poor man is just like to a famous flower,  
 That liveth now, but cropt and gone next hour.  
 His dayes are like unto a Weavers Shuttle,  
 So like to glass, or some such brittle mettle;  
 So frail is man, though of his strength he boast,  
 His life is wind, he soon doth come to dust,  
 Though he in pride may swell, and think to rise  
 Above the Rocks, nay fore above the skies,  
 Yet he must dye, and wasteth then away,  
 When once death comes, death will for no man stay.  
 Though he be one as great as great may be,  
 Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?  
 Then as thou dost along thy Journey go,  
 I hope thou'lt ne're forget thy Maker so,  
 To fear the Grass so much thou goest by,  
 Or any famous Flower thou dost espye,

To quit thy journey for such fading dust,  
 As Grass and Flowers are, which shortly must  
 Be made as stubble; for the wicked shall,  
 And then be burnt as in an Oven, all  
 Be made as ashes underneath the feet  
 Of them that they did evilly entreat;  
 Why shouldst thou fear them then, what fear can  
 The wicked fear where no fear is, and flee  
 When none doth them pursue, away they go,  
 But sure the righteous man doth ne'ver do so:  
 For though ten thousand doth his soul environ,  
 He doth not fear, but bold is as a Lyon.  
 If thou dost hearken unto Wisdoms voice,  
 And lay her words up in thy heart as choice,  
 As precious stones, as silver, or as gold,  
 Now lend an ear, for Wisdom hath thee told,  
 That thou though in a Gaol, shalt safely dwell,  
 The righteous man, with him it shall go well,  
 He lives in quiet from the fear of evil,  
 Of Bears or Lyons, Tygers or the Devil:  
 Thou hast no cause, my Soul, thy foes to dread,  
 Didst ever see or know, or hear or read  
 That any at the Gibbet or the Stake,  
 That thither came for Traith, or for the sake  
 Of Jesus Christ, did any ever find  
 Him prove unfaithful, or so much unkind,  
 To leave them in that needful time and hour  
 Of great temptation, and he not impowr  
 Their souls so far that they could bear the Cross  
 With joy, esteeming it their gain, no loss

To lose their lives? which loss they did endure,  
 Which did to them eternal life procure,  
 And hath not God this promise made to thee,  
 That thou by him shalt ne're be forsaken be?  
 Was't ever known that any were asham'd  
 That trusted in him, though they might be blam'd  
 By wicked men? Indeed they all times were  
 Accounted evil, and such men as are  
 Not fit to live, this was the case of *Paul*.  
 How did the wicked Jews reproach and call  
 Him Heretick and mover of Sedition,  
 For preaching of the Doctrine of Contrition,  
 That they might of that horrid sin repent  
 In crucifying Christ, to which intent  
 He labour'd much with no small jeopardy,  
 In losing Life and Liberty thereby?  
 Yet he the work Christ call'd him to, would follow,  
 For which they counted him a wicked fellow,  
 And sometimes cryed out against him, than,  
*You men of Israel help, this is the man*  
*Who is so pestilent, he hath such a face,*  
*So impudent, that he this holy place*  
*Hath now polluted; this is also he*  
*That teacheth all men every where to be*  
*(As we our selves have oft times heard and saw)*  
*Against this Place, the People and the Law.*  
 They sometimes fall on him, and him they beat,  
 And sometimes bring him to the Judgement-seat,  
 Sometimes against him insurrections make,  
 That so they might the more occasion take

Him to accuse of making Upstarts, when  
 They were themselves, and none but they the men.  
 Before the Judgment-Seat they him accuse  
 To be the man that doth their Law abuse.  
*This is the man, say they, that here doth preach;*  
*For he in ev'ry place all times doth teach*  
*To worship God contrary to the Laws,*  
*And therefore he's a man we have just cause*  
*To try against, and unto him to give*  
*Sore punishment, for he's not fit to live.*

The Wicked do the Godly all abhor.  
 This was not only Paul's condition: for  
 When Christ was preach'd, the unbelieving Jews  
 Were mov'd with envy at that blessed news,  
 And took unto themselves, by Luke's report,  
 Men that were lewd and of the baser sort,  
 And brought together such as they could get,  
 To make an Uproar, and the house beiet  
 Of Jason, in whose house some Brethren were  
 Met altogether in the Name and Fear  
 Of Jesus Christ, whom these lewd fellows sought,  
 To that intent that they them might have brought  
 Forth to the people, them for to abuse,  
 It may be stone them, or some way so use  
 The Brethren, that the Jews might have their will,  
 Which for to have, no matter who they kill.  
 But God, which hath the strength of envy bound,  
 Did so provide, the men could not be found;  
 But Jason they did take, and certain more,  
 Whom they did drag, and draw, and pull before

The Rulers of the City, crying, These  
 Were at a Meeting, may your worship please,  
 In Jason's house, we now did take them there;  
 These are the men that make us all to fear:  
 For they the world have turned up-side-down,  
 And here were met together in our Town,  
 Whom Jason hath receiv'd; all these men do  
 Contrary to the Laws of Cesar, who  
 Doth say (and that doth most of all displease us)  
 There is another King, which is one J E S U S.

Besides all these, the Prophets who of old  
 Did suffer much, as Scripture hath us told:  
 For Daniel was put in the Lions Den,  
 Because he pray'd. Remember those three men  
 Nam'd Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,  
 Who for Truth's sake by men were used so,  
 As to be in a fiery Furnace cast;  
 But they did not those cruel burnings tast,  
 For God did them preserve, to let thee know  
 That he is able thee to keep also.  
 With Ahab good, Elijah needs must be  
 The man that troubled Israel, though he  
 Was not; but unto Ahab boldly saith,  
 Thou art the man thy self that trouble hath  
 Brought unto Israel; 'tis not I that am  
 The man, but thou that follow'st Balaam.  
 It was the portion of good Jeremy,  
 For he, good man, was used cruelly,  
 They kept him in the Dungeon night and day,  
 Until his feet stuck fast in miry clay.



And others tortur'd were, they not accepting  
 Of their deliv'rance, neither yet respecting  
 Their lives, nor any thing to save or gain,  
 A better Resurrection to obtain.  
 And some of *cruel mockings* tryal had,  
 And *scourgings* too, their usage was so bad;  
 And yet they joyful were, and well content  
 To suffer Bonds, endure Imprisonment;  
 And some were *stoned* and were *sawn assunder*,  
 Such inhumanity would make one wonder  
 That wicked men should ere so wicked be,  
 To exercise such barb'rous crueltye. (slain;  
 These tempted were, some with the sword were  
 Some wandered about, to and again,  
 In *Goat* and *Sheep-skins*, being destitute,  
 The wicked did them still so persecute.  
 These were afflicted and were much tormented;  
 And yet their Zeal for God they ne're repented.  
 Some wandered in *Desarts*, and in *Caves*,  
 Because they would not be the Devil's slaves :  
 In *Dens* likewise and *Mountains* of the Earth,  
 Although they were the Heirs of Heav'n by birth.  
 These all were men whose *graces* made them lovely  
 Of whom this wicked world was nothing worthy :  
 These all a very good report obtain,  
 They di'd in *Faith*, and suffer'd not in vain ;  
 For they in Heav'n their Saviours face shall see,  
 When those that persecuted them shall be  
 In hell tormented with the Devil sore,  
 And all those evil Angels evermore.

Thou seest, my soul, it was the portion now  
 Of better men than thee to suffer, how  
 Shouldst thou rejoyce in bonds, them gladly take,  
 Because thou art in bonds for *Jesus sake*?  
 Let no discouragement upon thee seize,  
 God can deliver thee when he doth please,  
 And will, no doubt, when he shall think it fit;  
 His time's the best, which time is not come yet.  
 But if he will not thee deliver, then  
 Wilt thou submit unto the lusts of men?  
 No, fall not down to Gold, nor Wood, nor Stone,  
 But worship thou the Lord thy God alone;  
 Nor fall not in with what is mans invention,  
 Let that, my soul, be never thy intention:  
 What ere it be that may befall thee here,  
 Go on thy journey, do thou nothing fear  
 But Christ; thy *Jesus* will be with thee still,  
 And give thee strength, thy heart with comfort fill;  
 Then hye thee on, thy life is as a race,  
 Keep on thy way, there's but a little space  
 Of time but thou thy race wilt run to th'end,  
 Then slothful be'nt, but rather thy pace mend;  
 Neither turn back, nor into by-paths step,  
 And thou the benefit thereof wilt reap;  
 Be'nt weary, faint not, follow this way still;  
 The other is the *broad way*, and that will  
 Lead to destruction; many that way find:  
 This leads to Life, then loyter not behind,  
 But like a nimble Racer, run thy Race;  
 And that thou maist the better run apace,

So run as one that doth not beat the air,  
 Nor of thy sinful body make no spare,  
 But keep it down, else thou the fool wilt play,  
 Faint and give ore, and be a cast-away.  
 Good Racers when a Race they run, they strip,  
 That so they may the better leap and skip  
 Through all the dirt, and ore the hills and wayes  
 That they may meet with in their racing playes :  
*They* mind the Gole to touch, to win the Prize,  
 Ther's nothing more that they have in their eyes.  
 So thou, my soul, see that thou cast away  
 All weights that in thy running may thee stay ;  
 The sin that doth so easily beset thee  
 Be sure thou lay aside, for that will let thee ;  
 With patience run the Race thou hast to run,  
 The end is *Rest*, when thou the *Prize* hast won.

As thou a Journey hast, my soul, to go,  
 As thou a Pilgrim-stranger art also ;  
 And as thou hast a Race to run, so now  
 Give ear unto me once again, for thou  
 Wilt in this Race and Journey have such foes,  
 As will assault thee many times with blows,  
 And therefore thou a Souldier too must be  
 The fight of Faith to fight couragiously ;  
 For potent Enemies thou hast a many ;  
 But t'help thee in this fight thou hast not any  
 Save him that is the Captain of Salvation,  
 Yet stand unto't, be sure thou keep thy *station*.  
 There are a sort of enemies will sally  
 Forth to confront thee, and will stoutly rally

Up all their force with malice and with spight  
 To overcome thee in this warlike fight:  
 For know, thou art not only now to wrestle  
 With flesh and blood, but others will thee justle;  
 For lofty Powers and Principalities  
 VVill now make war with thee, against thee rise,  
 As once *Goliath* did 'gainst little *David*,  
 If thou a coward art thou't be outbraved:  
 Besides those Principalities and Powers  
 That will lay siege against thee dayes and hours,  
 There's Rulers of the darkness of this world,  
 That 'gainst thee many fiery darts have hurl'd,  
 VVith wicked spirits which are in high places  
 VVill all against thee proudly set their faces,  
 And thou against them all must now engage,  
 And stoutly on them fall, their pride assuage;  
 Then ne'r give ore, give them no place nor room,  
 But fight on stoutly till thou overcome.

That so thou maist, it's very good I see  
 Thou shouldst now know from whence thy strength  
 For thou against this rabble in thy fight (must be;  
 Hast got no strength nor pow'r, no force nor might;  
 For all thy strength is only from the Lord,  
 Fear not, engage, he will thee strength afford,  
 And will thee fill with courage to the brim;  
 Go on, but let thy eyes be towards him:  
 If thou good courage take and play thy part,  
 He is engag'd to strengthen thy weak heart:  
 The quarrel is the Lord's, thou needst not fear  
 But he'l be with thee both in front and rear,

And

And fight thy battels for thee alwayes,  
 That thou shalt be a terror to thy foes,  
 And bring him to thy foot with such contrition,  
 He'll lay his weapons down with all submission.

But lest thy frailties should start some objections,  
 And want some satisfaction and direction  
 How thou this *Fight of Faith* maist fight & manage  
 With such discretion, prudence and advantage  
 All times unto thy self against thy foes, (blows  
 That thou maist wound and smite them with such  
 As may prove fatal to them, and may crown  
 Thee with the Victory, I'll here lay down  
 Such *Ruses* as may prove helpful unto thee,  
 Then take good heed to them, and these they be.

First, in this fight, my soul, do'nt fail to take  
*God's Armour*, for no doubt but that will make  
 Thee able to withstand in such a day  
 As evil is, that thou maist give no way  
 Nor ground to any foes or enemies,  
 For if thou shouldst they will thee soon surprise;  
 Stand therefore to't thy loyns begirt about  
 With *Truth*, lest they should put thee to the rout;  
 And never fail to have that *Breastplate* on  
 Of *Righteousness*, ev'n *Jesus Christ* alone;  
 Thy feet shod with the *Preparation* of  
 The *Gospel*, *Peace*, *Atonement*, *Grace* and *Love*;  
 Above all, take the *Shield of Faith*, whereby  
 Thou maist with ease at all times constantly  
 Quench all the fiery darts of all the wicked,  
 Until thou hast their wiles and snares detected

For Satan's such a fearful coward, he  
 Will never stand thee long, but from thee flee.  
 Do thou by Faith, resist him stedfastly,  
 He'll take his heels and straight away he'll fly.  
 Forget not in this Fight, this warlike station,  
 To take to thee the *Helmet of Salvation*;  
 Nor go nor forth to fight without that Sword,  
*The Sword of the Spirit*, God's holy Word;  
 And alwayes pray with Prayer and Supplication,  
 With fervent, constant, earnest Intercession;  
 So in the Spirit watching thereuntoo,  
 That no Temptation may thee so pursue,  
 Nor Satan may not foil thee nor's adherence,  
 Watch thou to pray'r with constant perseverance.  
 When all this Armour put on thee thou hast,  
 And art assured it is fixed fast,  
 Then march forth bravely in this warlike posture,  
 So full of strength and prowess, might and luster,  
 Thy foes to conquer, kill, slay and subdue,  
 Until there be no more left to pursue  
 Thee any longer with their wiles and snares,  
 Nor thee no more disturb with warlike cares.

And seeing now, my soul, I have thee told  
 What Armour thou must have, thy ground to hold,  
 With use of which thou maist thy self defend  
 From all thy foes, and hold out to the end,  
 And overcome: but now it's requisite  
 I should not leave thee so, lest thou forget  
 What is thy duty, what thou maist procure  
 In those great Conflicts which thou wilt endure.

Then

Then first, it's needful thou shouldst understand  
 Who is thy Captain, under whose Command  
 And Conduſt thou a Souldier now art liſted,  
 To be commanded by, to be aſſiſted  
 And taught thy Arms to handle, and to uſe  
 With greateſt diſadvantage to thy foes :  
 Then know, my ſoul, thy Captain is no other  
 Than Jeſus Chriſt, thy *Prince*, thy *elder Brother*,  
 Who did before thee in this War engage,  
 V When he was here upon this earthly ſtage;  
 V Who by his valour, ſtrength, courage and might,  
 Did all his foes o'recome and vanquiſh quite:  
 He *trampled on the world, the fleſh, the Devil*,  
 And ne're was overcome by any evil.  
 Though he his precious Blood and Life did loſe,  
 'Twas for thy ſake; the Grave could no way chuſe  
 But yeild him up; *He had the victory*  
*O're Grave and Death*, that potent Enemy,  
 For which he is rewarded, he's exalted  
 At Gods right hand, though yet he is aſſaulted  
 By thoſe his foes that now afflict his members,  
 But they he'll make as duſt, or as the embers.  
 He hath thy foes already ſo annoy'd;  
 The world he overcame, the works deſtroy'd  
 Of Satan and his Imps, ſo far that thou  
 Need'ſt not to fear them to encounter now.  
 Then, O my ſoul, be ſure that out of hand  
 Thou ready art to be at his command;  
 V Where e're he lead thee, fail thou not to follow;  
 Make no excuſe, nor ſay thou'lt come to morrow :  
Delayes

Delays may prove of such great dangers, so  
 Thou maist repent thou didst not run and go  
 At his command, to Jayle and Banishment,  
 To death with joy, without astonishment,  
 To great reproach, to stripes, to mockings, and  
 To have most cruel usage at the hand  
 Of wicked men, the bondslaves of the Devil,  
 Who are at his command, to do what evil  
 He shall appoint them to, so ready they  
 His Hellish precepts all are to obey:  
 But let them be as ready as they will  
 The precepts of the Devil to fulfil,  
 Be thou more ready far them to withstand,  
 Than they can be to be at his command:  
*For they his servants are whom they obey,*  
 And he their Master will their wages pay;  
 A service bad, the wages is more evil,  
 When he that pays them wages is the Devil.

But leaving them a while their Master to,  
 We will on with our present matter go:  
 If thou'lt an expert, faithful Souldier be,  
 Then don't receive commands from none but he  
 Who is thy Captain, under whose command  
 Thou hast avowed (live or dye) to stand  
 To't still, and fight whilst thou hast life and breath,  
 Ne're to give o're, but faithful be to death:  
 His voice then hear, his precepts keep, and now  
 I'll tell thee what he saith to thee, and how,  
 And who thou must be careful of they don't  
 Prevail and spoil thee, for some will affront

Thee



Thee many ways with sundry sudden bouts,  
 And will attempt to give thee many routs.  
 Beat up thy Quarters, put thee to the run,  
 So thou the Crown maist lose when all is done,  
 Unless, my soul, (as thou a souldier art)  
 Thou play the man, a valiant souldiers part.  
 Then learn thy postures well, handle thy Arms,  
 And know it is one of thy great concerns  
 To stand upon thy Guard, and keep thy tower,  
 And always watch against the crafty power  
 Of sin, the Devil, and his depths and wiles  
 With which he seeketh, labours, toils and moyle  
 Thee to deceive, delude, destroy, devour  
 Like to a roaring Lyon ev'ry hour;  
 Whom fail not to resist with that good shield  
 Of Faith, and he will either flie or yeild.  
 Besides the Devil, I would have thee know,  
 The worlds become thy cruel, desperate foe;  
 Thou art not of the world, but chosen now  
 Out of the world by Jesus Christ; then how  
 It hated him, it also will hate thee,  
 While thou hast life, 'twill be thine enemy:  
 Nor will it love thee, though it love its own,  
 The reason is, because it hath not known  
 Thy Father nor his Son thy preeious Lord,  
 And therefore 'tis the world will not afford  
 No better entertainment than these bands,  
 With threats, reproofs & scorn from scoffers hands;  
 And yet sometimes the world, what e'is the matter,  
 Will speak thee very fair, will cog and flatter;

But

But trust it not, when with its fading things  
 It doth lay siege against thee, and then brings  
 Such troops of foes which presently set on,  
 Who'l bid defiance to thee with much scorn,  
 And fall to scale thy works, and take thy Fort  
 With such attempts, so strong, in such a sort,  
 That if thou dost not quit thy self, thou'lt yeild,  
 And like a Coward faint and lose the field.  
 Stand then upon thy watch, keep here thy guard,  
 Lest thou be foild, and lose thy great reward.  
 Let nothing of the world, though ne're so brave,  
 Make thee thereof a good opinion have :  
 But use thy shield of Faith, defend thy self ;  
 The world hath nothing in't but empty wealth :  
 And take thy Sword in hand, of this be sure,  
 The siege nor battel will not long endure :  
 That shield of Faith the world will overcome ;  
 But when this fight doth end, there's in the room  
 Another fight; one field's no sooner won,  
 But presently another war's begun.

For there is yet another foe that will  
 Lie secretly in wait thy blood to spill;  
 That are so close, and still in ambushado,  
 But will not make an onset with bravado,  
 Except they catch thee careless by the by,  
 Then furiously they will upon thee flye :  
 But else these secretly lurk here and there,  
 Waiting to take thee ere thou art aware :  
 For these base foes are such as be employ'd  
 By Satan and his Imps, the world beside,

And

And often by them us'd, that so they may  
 By means of these, and by their help betray  
 Thee to their hands, and so unto their will,  
 That they may triumph over thee, and fill  
 Themselves with such revenge, with such great ire,  
 That they of thee may have what they desire.  
 Then of this foe take such a special care,  
 Lest thou by it be brought into some snare:  
 For this proud foe (my soul) is not without thee,  
 Thou dost at all times carry this about thee,  
 It lies within thy bosome all the day,  
 At night, at home, abroad, and on the way:  
 Thou never go'st no where, no time without it,  
 Its alwayes with thee in thy secret Closet;  
 Nay, when thou art the most and best retir'd,  
 And in thy thoughts most clear, and less bemi'd,  
 Turmoil'd or troubled least with such affairs  
 As tend to thy disturbance, freest from cares,  
 And think'st thy self secure and most at rest,  
 Then will this adversary play his best,  
 So craftily will labour night and day  
 To get thee fast asleep, that so he may  
 With fine enticing wiles and complements,  
 Wherewith he's fitted unto all intents  
 And purposes whatever, by the Devil,  
 The Father and the Author of all evil,  
 That he might flatter thee, and cog and wo  
 To that by guile, by force he could not do.

Of this close enemy then have a care,  
 Him wound and kill, of him make thou no spare,  
 Which

Which that thou maist with constant courage do,  
 I'll now go tell thee who is this proud fo:  
 This enemy of thine, I tell thee plain,  
 Are thy own Lusts, who will with might and main  
 Wage war and fight (but craftily) against thee,  
 With pleasing baits they'll labour to deceive thee,  
 And sooner with the world than thee they'll join,  
 (Use stratagems they may, thy heart t'purloin)  
 And with the Devil too, but they will have  
 Thee made their vassal and their captive-slave:  
 And to accomplish this, they will thee tell,  
 Thou art a foolish man, and dost not well  
 To lie in Prison when thou maist conform,  
 And keep thy self from such another storm:  
 And likewise they'll suggest the world's a glory,  
 A famous, lovely thing, or such like story;  
 The wealth and honor of it worth the having,  
 The love of money, nothing else worth saving;  
 The friendship of the world is very good,  
 That which a man may have, and yet love God;  
 And that it would be mighty fine and brave,  
 If thou shouldst such or such a Living have.  
 And O how gallant would it be to meet  
 An honorable person in the street,  
 If such a one should kindly thee salute,  
 And entertain, with complements to boot,  
 Give thee respect, and offer favours, and,  
*I am your servant Sir, at your command:*  
 Then stand not out, thou fool, but with them close,  
 They may become thy friends that are thy foes,

And

And by that means thou maist thy state much bet-  
 Than now it is by far; and that were fitter (ter  
 Than thus to lye in Gaol, and spend thy little;  
 Why sure thou shouldst be of another mettle:  
 There was a time when thou didst look more high  
 Than so; for shame, wilt thou in *Newgate* lie,  
 That dismal, stinking, foul and filthy place?  
 Fye, be asham'd thy self so to disgrace. (please,  
 With these and such like things thy flesh would  
 And so delight thee by proposing ease  
 And pleasures of the world, that so they might  
 Cause thee to love the world, and make thee slight  
 Thy watch, thy guard, and garrisons and all,  
 And then, what then? thou'rt gone, and soon wilt  
 Into the pit, the snare that they have made, (fall  
 To take thee in on purpose they it laid.  
 Well then, its time about thee now to look,  
 Account it mercy that thou art not took;  
 Prize it, and well consider that its now  
 High time to use what strength thou canst; but how  
 To manage this affair against this so,  
 Come learn of Christ, hee'll shew thee what to do;  
 His Grace implore, if thou dost wisdom lack,  
 Ask it of God, he wil not turn thee back,  
 Nor thee upbraid, he giveth liberally,  
 Ask thou in faith, he will not thee deny.  
 Moreover, if thou mean'st the field to win,  
 Abstain from ev'ry lust, all kind of sin;  
 Thy members on the earth now mortifie,  
 To all of them see that thou daily dye.

Account thy self alive to God; to sin  
 Live not, but dye, if thou the field wilt win:  
 Abstain from all appearances of evil,  
 Abhor the works of darkneis and the Devil.  
 As for thy flesh provision no time make  
 The lusts thereof to satisfie, nor take  
 No pleasure in a fleshly, carnal mind,  
 Nor in a frothy spirit; thou wilt find  
 Them hurtful to thee; prethee me believe,  
 A carnal mind doth oft God's Spirit grieve.

For they that have a fleshly, carnal heart,  
 Stil mind the flesh, and with their lusts won't part:  
 But such as are born of the holy Spirit,  
 Will mind those things they shall one day inherit.  
 Besides, a carnal mind to death will lead,  
 And many foul and filthy lust doth breed.  
 But to be minded spiritually,  
 Is life and peace to perpetuity:  
 A carnal mind 'gainst God is enmity,  
 Nor is it subject to his Law; but why?  
 Because it is an evil, ill disease,  
 Who ever hath it; can by no means please  
 The Lord; for thou maist well be sure of this,  
 He that Christs Spirit hath not; is not his:  
 This is my (soul) a Maxime certainly,  
*Who lives after the flesh, shall surely dye;*  
*But if thou by the Spirit dost endeavour*  
*To mortifie the flesh, thou'lt live for ever.*  
 Now here's the war, the battel is begun,  
 Hold out my soul, till thou the field hast won.

*The flesh against the Spirit now will lust,*  
*The spirit against the flesh; these twain are just*  
 Contrary unto each in opposition;  
 There can nor must be granted no admission  
 Of peace or of agreement 'twixt these twain;  
 Then give not o're till thou the flesh hast slain;  
 Nor lend no ear to what thy flesh doth say,  
 But fervently in Faith against it pray;  
 And take thy Sword, that holy Word of God,  
 To thy assistance, 'twill thee help afford;  
 And hide it in thy heart, lay't up within,  
 That thou against the Lord maist never sin;  
 Thou wilt not be asham'd when thou shalt have  
 Respect to all his Precepts, and them crave;  
 As for those things wherewith the flesh doth still  
 Seek to deceive thee, and doth sometimes kill  
 Thee with so many fancies, and thy mind  
 Disturb with them, and seek thy eyes to blind,  
 Thou might'st not see the glory that's beyond  
 The Grave, and tell thee often that its fond  
 To think of such and such brave things above,  
 But would have thee the world embrace and love:  
 But hearken unto me, I'll thee inform  
 How thou against this Enemy shalt arm.

Now then my soul suppose (wee'll put the case)  
 That thou shouldst be so cowardly and base  
 To hearken to the flesh, and to it cleave,  
 And shouldst it follow, and the Spirit leave;  
 And put the case my soul that thereby then  
 Thou shouldst become as great as any man,

Encreas'd with wealth, and worldly honor have,  
 Be counted wise, enjoy what ere is brave;  
 Have th' world and all its glory in a string  
 So much, that thou needst not want any thing  
 The flesh can wish, or what thy heart can crave,  
 But it command, and presently it have:  
 And what if with all these vain things together,  
 Thou shouldst a Rapier wear, a Hat and Feather,  
 And be so proud, so lofty and so stout,  
 That from a man thou'lt scorn to take a bout;  
 And be so full of complements, and gallant,  
 So full of valour, quarrelsome and valiant,  
 That if one should but give to thee the lye,  
 Make no more on't, but stab him presently?  
 Suppose, I say, that thou hadst all these things,  
 And all the glory this world with it brings,  
 What art the near? in death they can't thee serve,  
 Nor from his dreadful strokes thy life preserve.  
 For when the King of terrors to thee comes  
 Thee to arrest and seize, then all the sums  
 The world affords, if all of them were thine,  
 Would insufficient be, there's no such Fine  
 That he of thee will take, thy life to spare,  
 Thy life must go, he will not stay nor care  
 For all the world, if thou the world couldst give,  
 Then dye thou must, and must no longer live,  
 And go to dust, and leave the world behind thee;  
 And as thou dy'st, just so shall judgment find thee;  
 For after death there is a day to come,  
 Which some men call the dreadful day of doom;



A dreadful day indeed, a day of wrath;  
 Too late then to repent thee of that froath  
 Thou livedst in while thou wast here so brave;  
 And then wilt rue that ere thou wast a slave  
 Unto the flesh, the devil, and the world,  
 If head-long into Hell thou shouldst be hurld.

Oh then (my soul) consider well, and see  
 That all the world will nothing profit thee;  
 For there's a time to come that shall, and will  
 All those that serve their lusts, with horror fill;  
 When Kings & Captains, Freeman, Rich & Poor,  
 Bond-men, and great and mighty men shall roar  
 And cry unto the Mountains and the Rocks,  
 And hide themselves in holes and dens, in flocks  
 Call to the Mountains, Fall on us, and hide  
 Us from this Throne, befor't we can't abide,  
 To come to see the dreadful face of him  
 That sits thereon, so dismal is this time:  
 We liv'd in pleasure in time past, and mock't  
 At these things then, not thinking we were lock't  
 So fast in chains of darkness as we see  
 We were: Oh what a righteous Judge is he!  
 We often call'd upon him us to damn;  
 Now Rocks fall on us, hide us from the Lamb,  
 And from this wrath of his, this dreadful doom;  
 For now the great day of his wrath is come.  
 Put case, my soul, that thou shouldst be among  
 This fearful rout, this miserable throng,  
 As out of doubt thou wilt, if thou give way  
 Unto the flesh, to pleasure *Dullab*,

And all the treasure in the world were thine,  
The wealthy Silver, and the Golden Mines,  
What wouldst thou better be? it's nothing worth,  
For't can't deliver in this day of wrath.

But come, my soul, wee'l back a little walk,  
And then wee'l have a little further talk.

By no means fall to dore upon thy lust,  
And hearken not to them; the world as dust

Is blown before the wind; then be

Content to hear a little more from me.

Suppose thou shouldst unto the flesh give place,

How wouldst thou look thy Jesus in the face,

If thou shouldst turn his love and graciousness

Into debauch'ry and lasciviousness?

Nay, though thou shouldst not be so much unclean,

So grossly wicked, vile, and so obscene,

So openly prophane, as some now are,

But outwardly to carry't pretty fair :

Yet when that day shall come whereof we spake,

'Twill make thee tremble and thy heart to ake :

When Christ shall come and shall exalted be,

Hee'l find out them that love hypocrisie :

When *Zion* shall be fill'd with righteousness,

And Hypocrites surpriz'd with fearfulness,

Then sinners will in *Zion* be afraid,

With fear astonisht, very much dismay'd.

Canst thou, my soul, delight to be or dwell

Within devouring fire? or canst thou tell

How dreadful 'tis? or canst thou make good cheer

Where everlasting, cruel burnings are?

No,

No, no, thou canst not; that's a dismal day,  
There is no end thereof, the pain's for aye.

But now suppose that no such thing would be,  
No wrath to come, no pain or miserie,  
Canst be content the joyes of Heav'n to lose,  
To gratifie thy lusts, thy mortal foes?  
For Heav'n and Glory's such a place, that there  
None that's unclean can have a part or share.  
But put the case there were no joys to be;  
What wouldst thou with thy fleshly lusts agree,  
So ill requite that Love and Grace so great,  
Those many entertainments choice and sweet,  
That God hath given thee, though thou a so  
Wert unto him, or to his Grace also?  
Or wouldst thou love the World, or turn thy back  
Upon dear Jesus, who was never slack  
Nor slow to do thee all that blessed good  
That with his honor and thy welfare stood?  
How couldst forget his kindness, love and grace  
With which he doth thee many times embrace!  
His gracious condescension that was seen  
In him, when for thy sake he dy'd between  
Two thieves; for thee the wrath of God he bore,  
He undertook for thee, and paid thy score:  
In him thou liv'st, and mov'st, and hast a being,  
Through Christ thy Lord comes all supplies; then  
His grace is such, then be not thou *ungrateful* (seeing  
Ingratitude to God or man is hateful):  
Where Grace is truly wrought, what cause to fear  
Is there of Hell? 'twil work although there were

No joys in Heav'n; that soul don't work to merit  
 The pleasures there, if he them do inherit,  
 He'll say it is of Grace, and not desert.  
 And such a one hath learn'd and got the art  
 To love dear Christ, and love him will and must,  
 Because dear Christ was pleas'd to love him first.  
 Again, my soul, Ile tell thee one thing more,  
 We have a Proverb, *Stars can be no fore*:  
 Shouldst thou the world embrace, and Christ deny,  
 Riches will take them wings, away they fly:  
 Thou maist be took from them, or they from thee.  
 Of worldly wealth there is no certainty.  
 Suppose thou shouldst some Honor have, and be  
 As great, as stout, as strong, as wise as he  
 That hath as much of these as any have,  
 And be respected by the wise and grave:  
 These are but broken Reeds to lean upon,  
 No man can help thee in the day of doom;  
 As doth the poor, so must the rich man dye  
 And come to Judgement, great men are a lye.  
 What though thou dost some goods and credit lose  
 Because thou wilt not sin, but rather chuse  
 To suffer for the sake and Cause of him  
 That will repay thee all thy loss again?  
 Then think not much at any think that's lost,  
 For Christ he was for thee at greater cost  
 Than thou canst be for him; his precious blood  
 Was shed to do thee everlasting good.  
 Then dost thou lose thy All for his dear sake?  
 He did it lend, then he his own may take.

Thou naked cam'st out of thy Mothers womb,  
 And naked must return unto thy tombe (Oy, Ignorance)  
 Thou brought'st nought with thee; nought canst car-  
 Serve Christ thy Prince with what thou hast, from  
 whence

All came thou hast; then all that ere thou'lt have,  
 At his good service be't; who came to save  
 Thee from thy sins, and from the wrath to come;  
 Then offer up to him thy All, and some;  
 And think it not a heavy burden, nor  
 Below thee thus to live, and suffer for  
 That Cause thou art engag'd in; think't no shame  
 To lye in *Newgate* for the sake and Name  
 Of thy dear Jesus, who hath thee estoof'd  
 Worthy to bear his Name, and thee redeem'd,  
 Who art a nothing, worthless worm, so vile,  
 So full of frailties, ready to beguile  
 Thy self; that he (I say) should thee employ  
 In such a Work or Cause, and should thereby  
 Give thee to see his love, himself make known  
 More unto thee than heretofore was shown,  
 And let thee see and know thy self, and give  
 Thee strength to bear reproach, a Jayl, and live  
 In full assurance that he wil appear,  
 Whom thou shalt see and meet with in the air,  
 And all his Saints that dyed for his Word,  
 And they and thee be ever with the Lord,  
 If his most glorious face thou'lt ever see,  
 And live and reign with him eternallie,  
 With Christ, I say, in rest and endly glory,  
 Then hearken now, my *soul*, unto this story. Thou

Thou seest a Souldier thou art now engag'd  
 To fight against this Rabble that hath wag'd  
 War with thee many times each day and hour,  
 To bring thee to submit unto their power;  
 By snares and wiles, the Serpent with his wisdom  
 Doth labour hard to make thee of his Kingdom;  
 Then labour thou as hard with all thy might  
 To break his snares, to know his wiles, to fight  
 Against this Power of death and darkness, so  
 That thou maist give the Devil such a blow,  
 That he with his dark Kingdom may lose ground,  
 Till they shall fall, and never more be found.  
 Then for thy further information know,  
 The Devil will for ever be thy foe;  
 And wilt the foe of all men ever be,  
 And them beguile with feigned flatterie;  
 Do thou resolve his works and him to hate,  
 And never bite nor tast the Devils baite;  
 But him resist, withstand, and alwayes be  
 For evermore the Devils enemy.  
 If so, my soul, thou must not think to please  
 Thy fleshly lusts; nor think to live at ease,  
 But hardness, as a Souldier, must endure,  
 A Souldiers life is such, thou must be sure;  
 But please thy Captain, he that hath thee chosen  
 To be a Souldier, thy affections loosen  
 From such affairs as now may hinder thee  
 From serving him, whose Souldier thou must be  
 To fight this fight of Faith; if thou intend  
 To overcome, then hold out to the end;

For

For those that overcome, the Spirit saith,  
 And do his Works, continue in the Faith:  
 That keep his holy Word, his Word of Patience,  
 Shall be exalted, they shall rule the Nations;  
 And he that overcomes, the same shall be  
 A Pillar in God's holy Temple, he  
 Shall go no more from thence out of the same,  
 But Jesus Christ will write on him the Name  
 Of God, and of the City that is nam'd  
 The New Jerusalem, so greatly fam'd  
 For beauty, glory, wealth, that cometh down  
 From God, and out of Heav'n, where there are none  
 Can entrance have, which doth not overcome  
 Both, Sin, the World, and Satan, where's no room  
 For such: for none but them that do prevail  
 Shall cloathed be in white, such shall not fail  
 To sit with Christ in glory on his Throne,  
 And sing the praise of God the Lord alone:  
 And though by fighting none can nothing merit;  
 He must overcome that will all things inherit.

Then now my soul, it's good thou ponder well,  
 What is thy work while thou on earth dost dwell,  
 Make it thy study how thou maist be found  
 In Faith and Holiness more to abound:  
 Behold what beauty is in Christ thy Jesus,  
 Him love and prize, for he is very precious;  
 Solace thy self with love, his Love so choice,  
 Delight to do his Will, to hear his Voice:  
 What though in strait and narrow paths he lead?  
 He in those paths thy soul doth sweetly feed;

Thou

Thou hast by good experience found and known  
 That in those paths thou walkest not alone,  
 But he goes with thee, leading by the hand  
 Thee where thou canst not hardly go or stand,  
 And makes those strait and narrow wayes to be  
 So pleasant and so easie unto thee,  
 That thou canst walk those paths with so much ease  
 That many times they much delight and please  
 Thee so, that thou maist say, and never cease,  
*His wayes are Pleasantness, his paths are Peace.*  
 What though no beauty nor no comeliness  
 Be seen in him by wise men, ne' rethelss  
 Think ne'r the worse of him, but love him through-  
*Though he be black, he is exceeding lovely:* (ly,  
 Set thy affections on him, so delight  
 In his refreshing Presence day and night,  
 That thou communion with him maist maintain,  
 And labour in his Fear more o't to gain:  
 Bear thou his Image, learn of him to be  
 More humble, harmles, holy, that as he  
 A perfect pattern was, so is he still;  
 Him follow fully, and no doubt he will  
 So entertain thee with such great delights,  
 So ravishing thy heart with heav'nly sights,  
 Thou wilt be so inflam'd, in Love so grow  
 With Heav'n, thou'rt live no more on Earth below.

My soul sing praise unto the Lord;  
 Declare his mighty Works abroad,

Praise



Praise thou his great and holy Name,  
That men his wondrous Works may know,  
His mighty Acts do thou forth show,  
His Glory, Kingdom, and his Fame.

Who though thou wast a poor postume,  
He kept thee in thy mothers womb,  
And there and then thy life preserv'd;  
He brought thee forth, and gave thee breath,  
And oft deliver'd thee from death,

Though thou hadst nought of him deserv'd.

When thou hungst on thy mothers breast,  
And on her milk didst richly feast,

He was thy God, and did thee keep;  
He watch'd o're thee, and did defend  
Thee from that fierce infernal Fiend,  
He slumber'd not, nor did he sleep.

Thou wast a Child, and Parentless,  
Praise thou the Lord, his goodness bless;

He rais'd thee up a faithful Friend,  
That was a Mother unto thee;  
This was his goodness verilie;

Praise thou the Lord world without end.

All this the Lord did, that he might  
Open thy eyes, and clear thy sight,

That thou maist understand and see  
His Goodness, Mercy, Grace and Truth,  
Which thou beheldst whilst but a youth:

To him the glory, honour be.

And though thy troubles have been great  
 With which thou hast in this world met,  
 They never could make thee to yeeld;  
 He never in them thee forlook,  
 But on thee did in mercy look,  
 And for thee car'd, and thee upheld.

What reason then hast thou to fear,  
 Or think he will not for thee care,  
 In these thy bonds and captive state;  
 Such good experience thou hast seen  
 Of him, from time to time, I mean,  
 When ere thou wast in any strait.

What needst thou care for all thy foes?  
 There's none of them but he well knows,  
 And knows the way how to prevent  
 Them all from doing thee that harm,  
 Which they do threaten when they storm,  
 And may be often their intent.

What though the world against thee rise,  
 With tongues of falshood and of lyes,  
 In him alone put thou thy trust;  
 And though they persecute thee sore,  
 And hate thee without cause the more,  
 Praise thou the righteous God most just.

My soul then magnifie the Lord,  
 Let all his Saints like praise afford,  
 His Praises sing both night and day;

He hath regard to all the meek;  
 He strengthens those that are but weak;  
 Let all Saints sing *Hallelujah*.

Well now, my soul, we'll leave a while & rest,  
 And then we will discourse again, it's best;  
 I think we should talk next of other matter;  
 And forasmuch as it is now the latter  
 Most evil times, of which we are forewarn'd  
 By Christ himself, 'tis good we should be arm'd  
 Against the perils which that time attends;  
 Then if the Lord us help, and to us lends  
 Assistance, we will speak of such a thing  
 As may unto our mind and mem'ry bring  
 What Judgments God intends, and hath in store  
 Against that great and *Scarlet-coloured Whore*;  
 And of that glorious, blessed, holy Day,  
 When Christ shall sit upon his Throne for aye.

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*Here followeth a brief Discovery  
 Of Romes foul filthy stuff and trumpery;  
 To gether with the Plagues laid up in store  
 Against the day that God will plague the  
 (Whore.*

**V**E read in Scripture of a *Scarlet Whore*  
 That hath oppress the Nations very sore,  
 Who with her filthy *Cup of Fornication*  
 Hath made the people drunk in ev'ry Nation:

This

This Harlot sits upon a Scarlet Beast,  
 A Beast that hath seven heads, ten horns at least;  
 Which Beast is full of names of Blasphemies,  
 And both to God and Christ are enemies.  
 This Woman's dock'd so rich as rich may be  
 With Gold and Pearls, and precious Stones, and  
 A Golden Cup doth carry in her hand: (She  
 She's outwardly so brave, that most men stand  
 Admiring of her beauty and her state,  
 With which she doth deceive the Wise, whose fate  
 It is to drink the Cup she to them holds,  
 They take and drink it off; as Wine in bowls,  
 Poor souls; not knowing that this Cup within  
 Is full of her abominable sin  
 And filthiness of her great Fornication,  
 Her Whore-like stuff and great Abomination;  
 This Woman is so much a beastly Whore,  
 That she the mother is of many more;  
 The Spirit hath upon her forehead writ  
 A name to her so suitable and fit,  
 Which he that runs may reade, and her may know,  
 And therefore what her name is here I'll show;  
 Her name is *Mystery Babylon the Great,*  
 That sits on many Waters, that's her seat;  
 The Mother too of Harlots, and who hath  
 Been the Abomination of the Earth.  
 The reason why the Spirit hath her nam'd  
 A *Scarlet Whore*, for which she is so fam'd,  
 Will plainly and perspicuously appear  
 When thou the reason Scripture gives dost hear.

We call them VVhore, who by Adultery vile,  
 And Fornication, do themselves defile,  
 VVhose constant practice is, to insinuate  
 Into poor men, and unto them prostrate  
 Their filthy bodies, that thereby they may  
 Unto their lusts poor simple men betray.  
 So hath this VVhore almost in ev'ry Nation,  
 With earthly Kings committed Fornication,  
 And by her painted beauty doth deceive  
 Them and the Nations; so they won't believe  
 But she a comely woman is, and fair,  
 Her beauty much to be desir'd, that there  
 Is none like her, no woman hath such parts,  
 Such Wisdom, Learning, nor such store of Arts,  
 Nor none so well accomplished as she,  
 Nor never was, nor nevermore will be:  
 Besides, she is so rich, so fine and gay,  
 They with no other woman can away;  
 And therefore she they only do desire,  
 And her adore, her beauty they admire:  
 And yet she's but a Whore, a drunken sot;  
 A chaste & sober woman she is not; (dear  
 Drunk with the blood of Saints, whose blood is  
 To God, whom they did worship, serve and fear:  
 For she with blood her self doth satiate,  
 And with her beast-like claws dilacerate;  
 The blood of Martyrs she hath shed and spilt,  
 'Cause they would not defil'd be by her guilt,  
 Nor to her greatness bow, who knew full well  
 The dead her guests are in the depths of Hell.

She

She is so high, though of no noble birth,  
 She reigneth over Kings, Kings of the Earth,  
 And in her pride her self doth glorifie;  
 As for her life, she lives deliciously;  
 She saith she is no widow, but a Queen;  
 But she's a Whore, as plainly will be seen;  
 And doth pretend to be the Wife of him,  
 That one day will be her plague, and so will them,  
 That father on him all her filthy trade,  
 Those images and gods her hands have made,  
 And all the rest of her Idolatry,  
 Her Witchcraft and her loathsome Sorcery;  
 Her cruelty is such, it's death to say  
 That she's no Wife of Christ, that so she may  
 By Fire and Faggot murder and destroy  
 Them that won't her adore, nor her obey:  
 As doth appear, if we no further look  
 Than to the *Maryan* dayes, for then she took  
 The faithful Spouse of Christ, and her she tore;  
 Which plainly proves she is a cruel Whore.  
 In Harlots evermore we plainly see  
 There alwayes is a great anipathy  
 Against the rightful lawful Spouse and Bride:  
 A Strumpet never will the Wife abide,  
 But doth against her all the mischief do  
 That ere she can invent, she hates her so.  
 Just so the Church of *Rome*, that whorish State,  
 The Church of Christ doth persecute and hate,  
 And labours all she can her to expose  
 To such unheard-of cruelties, and those

Most

Most sad extremities she can devise,  
 By falshood, flattery, deceit and lyes,  
 With which she doth the world so much deceive,  
 That they are ready firmly to believe (she  
 That *Rome's* the Church, the Wife of Christ, and  
 That is the Church of Christ, the Whore must be.

The *honest Woman* doth as little care  
 For any *Harlot*, she can't with her bear,  
 Nor with her whorish tricks, her filthy trades  
 To touch with her or them, she is afraid.  
 So doth the *Church of Christ*, his *Virgin Bride*,  
 Abhor *Romes whorish stuff*, and her beside,  
 And must in plainness say *she is a Whore*;  
 And therefore out *Rome* sends her Bulls to roar  
 Against *Christ's darling Spouse* and lovely *Bride*,  
 Whom she disdains and scorns; such is her pride,  
 That she must be the Church; and none but she,  
 And Christ she saith her Husband is, and he  
 hath given power (if she saith but truth)  
 To her to do all things what ere she doth:  
 And unto this her Doctors stiffe stand,  
 That what they do, is done by his Command;  
 As if that gracious Prince the Author were  
 Of burning, starving, drowning such as are  
 His faithful Followers, and such as he  
 Esteems as dear to him as dear can be,  
 So dear as is the apple of his eye,  
 If they be touch'd, he feels it presently.  
 Then though, O *Virgin Spouse*, thy Bridegroom's  
 He'l come again to thee ere it be long; (gone,  
 F Though

Though thou, while he is absent, dost partake  
 Of such hard usage, know 'tis for his sake,  
 Then take it not from him ill, nor do not grieve  
 That he his lovely Bride so long should leave,  
 His love is not unto his Spouse abated,  
 Though he permits his Church thus to be hated,  
 It is not out of disrespect to thee,  
 'Tis but to prove thy Love and Chastitie,  
 Thy Faithfulness and Zeal for him, and then  
 He'll come and take thee to himself agen;  
 Nor is it only for that cause alone  
 He seems his coming to delay, but one  
 Cause more there is, and that's because that she  
 Might with the blood of Martyrs filled be,  
 And then her great and foul iniquity  
 VVill mightily to Heav'n for vengeance cry  
 Against her and her bloody barbrous hounds,  
 VVhose cruel bloody deeds for ever sounds  
 In those most quick and hearing ears of him,  
 VVho'll fill a Cup of Fury to the brim,  
 And she thereof shall drink, and spew, and fall,  
 And never rise; this God shall do, that all  
 The precious blood of Saints which hath bin shed,  
 May on this *Scarlet Whore* be punished;  
 That blood that *Bonner* and the rest of those  
 Did spill, that were the Brides most cruel foes,  
 VVho shall receive a dreadful cursed doom,  
 When he shall come that is the *Brides Bridegroom*.  
 But to return, This VVhore is she that doth  
 Sit on *seven Mountains*, *seven Kings* on the Earth;  
 She



She sits on many Waters likewise ; that  
 The Waters which this VVhore upon hath say  
 Are Peoples, Multitudes, and Tongues & Nations,  
 With whom she hath committed Fornications,  
 And hath deceiv'd them of their wealth and store,  
 By selling them her Merchandize ; this VVhore  
 Hath such a trade, she Pardons will them sell,  
 Or any thing, if they but pay her well.

If any one do her desire to pray  
 For them when they are dead, that so they may  
 Deliv'ed be from Purgatory pains,

She'll undertake to do't, and for her gains

She will perswade them she can cry and pray  
 To Peter, who will hear her cryes straightway ;

VVho hath, as she affirms, and will it say,

The Keys of Heav'n, and will without delay

Admit them in : and further to deceive

Poor blinded souls, and make them to believe

That they Salvation easily may merit,

If they themselves of all will disinherit,

And unto her their Land and Money give,

And go some Pilgrimage, an Hermite live ;

Or in some Cloister, or some Nunry dwell,

Or in some Friary, Monastery, or Cell :

And then let them commit what sins they can,

'Tis but confessing it unto some man,

Though one as filthy as himself can be,

If he his sins doth pardon, what cares he ;

For this poor soul he firmly doth believe,

A sottish Priest can all his sins forgive ;

Provided alwayes (this must be I hope)  
 That he adore *his Filthiness* the Pope,  
 And doth believe while he is in his Chair  
 He can commit no kind of error there;  
 Though in his Chair he speaks such Blasphemy  
 Against the most high God, that Deity,  
 That one may stand and wonder at the patience,  
 The great long-suffering, & the long-forbearance  
 Of God, who doth still suffer them in sin;  
 But he will pay them home, if he begin  
 To call them to account for all their deeds  
 That they have done; 'tis not their broken reeds  
 That now they lean upon, can help them then,  
 Nor from his angry Rod deliver, when  
 They shall be compass'd round about with fear,  
 He will not pitty them, nor will his ear  
 So much as hearken to their woful cryes,  
 When once to punish them he shall arise,  
 To give them blood to drink, as they have slain  
 His precious Servants, then they shall again  
 Receive the like reward; nay, it shall double,  
 So sore will be her plagues, and great her trouble.

However *Rome* may now pretend to be  
 The Church of Christ, his only Spouse, yet she  
 Hath so adulterated, that we know  
 She is to Christ, and to his Church, a foe,  
 And ever was since she from Truth did fall,  
 To set up her Inventions above all  
 The pure Appointments of the Lord, then she  
 Became to him an utter enemy,

And

And ever since his Members persecuted,  
 Because her Arguments ne'r them confuted;  
 They were too weak, the Truth is stronger than,  
 (Though in a worm) ev'n all the wit of man;  
 And therefore *Rome* unco her Club-law goes,  
 Thinking she should prevail w<sup>th</sup> downright blows,  
 And they would yeeld whom she had soundly beat,  
 And with her hellish teeth had torn and eat,  
 Whole blood she drank, until she was so drunk,  
 That of those bloody draughts she hath so stunk,  
 That no man can her stinking breath abide,  
 But those that take her part, and with her side  
 Against the poor despised Lambs and Sheep  
 Of Jesus Christ, whom she doth hunt and keep  
 In her most monstrous Court of *Inquisitions*  
 Where they have no redress, nor intercession  
 Do make to any other God but him,  
 Who hears their cryes, whose eyes are not so dim  
 But he perceives the barbrous deeds that she  
 Doth exercise on them continually;  
 Though he doth suffer her, and give permittance,  
 He'l pay her all, *Forbearance is no quittance*.

But, as I said, for all her fayr pretence,  
 She is Christs utter enemy; from thence  
 It doth arise that she makes such a busle  
 Him and his Power out of doors to jussle.  
 How can *Rome* be the Bride of Christ, who by  
 Her whorish tricks the Bridegroom doth deny?  
 That in plain terms is not asham'd to say,  
*A bit of bread is he*; and teach to pray

To *Saints* and *Angels*, and the *Virgin Mary*,  
 That she the Mother may present and carry  
 Those idle prayers, that *Rome* sayes ore her beads,  
 To Christ her Son, which she as little heeds,  
 And doth as little hear them when they pray,  
 As *Bel* did know his Priests did steal away  
 The meat from him that daily was provided;  
 O how this *blind Whore* hath the *blind* misguided!

And yet for what she doth she will pretend  
 Christ's great Authority, but to that end  
 That she may blind the eyes and minds of those  
 She hath beguil'd, and who no better knows  
 But that she is the Church, so dote on her,  
 Believing this, *that she can never err*;  
 And therefore thus saith she, Christ did ordain,  
 And left in charge until he came again,  
 That Ordinance of breaking Bread, which he  
 Did will till then it should performed be;  
 Which when Christ Jesus did first institute,  
 This may, saith she, all Hereticks refute;  
 He said, *Take, eat, this is my Body*, than  
 It clearly follows that there is no man  
 That can deny but that the Bread became  
 His *very flesh*, and *blood*, and *bones*, the same  
 That on the Cross was hang'd and offer'd up,  
 And that his *very blood* is in the Cup;  
 And yet not so, but in his flesh is still  
 His blood likewise, and therefore *Rome* doth will  
 That none should now receive in both the kinds;  
 A pretty querk of hers to blind the minds

Of men, and so their fancy strongly tickle.  
 With this conceit, the Priest the Wine must tiple.  
 The Bread, saith *Rome*, must needs become his  
 When by the Priest tis blest, tis such a dish, (flesh;  
 That none but those that eat thereof can be  
 Preserv'd from Hell to Heav'n's eternitie.  
 As for the Cup, it is the right of him,  
 None must presume to drink thereof, but them  
 That are ordain'd to consecrate the Bread:  
 But where in Scripture ever was this read?  
 And if not there, than doubtlesly she lies,  
 For *Rome* her self did for him this devise;  
 For 'tis not any-where by Christ appointed,  
 That Bread & Wine should be so much disjointed;  
 For when the Bread Christ his Disciples gave,  
 He never will'd the Cup they should not have,  
 But in like manner he the Wine did blest,  
 And also said, *Take, drink ye all of this;*  
 And when he gave the Bread, he said 'tis so,  
*This is my Body;* and we also know  
 That when he gave the Cup, he said (it's true)  
*This is my Blood, which I have shed for you.*  
 The Bread his *Body* is most certainly,  
 The Wine his *Blood*, but sacramentally;  
 It must be understood to be to them  
 That do't receive with lively Faith in him,  
 That can by Faith his Love and Presence see  
 In both the Bread and in the Wine to be.  
 Just so it is, but otherwise we know  
 It cannot be, as we will plainly show.

Which thus is prov'd, when Christ did institute  
 This holy Ordinance, he out of doubt  
 Was corporally with his Disciples then,  
 And had not suffer'd, nor was taken when  
 He said, *This is my Body which I give*  
*For you, that you eternally may live:*  
 If Christ were present when the Bread he gave,  
 And did become his flesh, then sure they have  
 Eat up his Body, and his Blood did drink;  
 If so, 'twere hard to understand or think  
 How Judas with a kiss could him betray,  
 And afterward him carry so away  
*With Swords and Staves before the Judgement-seat*  
*Of Pilate, after his Disciples eat*  
 His body and his blood the night before  
 He was betray'd: And also furthermore,  
 How could the Jews accuse him, if so be  
 They eat him up? then could it not be he:  
 Besides, they did not only him accuse,  
 But they did buffet him; the wicked Jews  
 With one consent did all against him cry,  
*Deliver Barrabas, but crucifie*  
*This man: for we have often heard him speak*  
*Against the Temple, and against God's sake:*  
*For whosoever speaketh blasphemy,*  
*We have a Law, by which Law he must dy.*  
 'Tis very strange and wonderful to me,  
 How they could hang his body on a Tree,  
 And pierce his precious side so with a Spear;  
 If he was eat, his body was not there:

Nor

Nor could his precious blood be ever shed  
 Upon the Cross, if his Disciples did  
 Drink up his Blood, when they drank of the Cup,  
 'Twas not there shed, if they had drunk it up.  
 'Twould make one smile to think, if this were so,  
 How *Pilate* was deceiv'd, he did not know  
 That his disciples did his body eat;  
 If *Rome* say true, this was a pretty cheat.  
 And then the *Jews* were also much mistaken  
 When they believ'd for certain they had taken  
 And brought the Man before the Judgement-seat,  
 And had the life of that Deceiver great,  
 As they him call'd; it seems 'twas not the same,  
 For his disciples eat him ere they came:  
 By this it may be seen *Rome* doth deny  
 That Christ upon the Cross for us did dy,  
 Though she enjoins her subjects to adore  
 The wooden Cross; such impudence this Whore  
 Hath got, that she may make the world believe  
 That when she looks thereon, she doth so grieve,  
 None like to her, to think that ere the *Jews*  
 Should be so wicked, *Jesus* to abuse,  
 And put to death, that was so good a man:  
 And yet if *Rome* say true, she doth and can  
 Eat up his flesh; this makes me wonder more,  
 Because she saith his flesh was eat before.  
 By what is said one may already spye,  
 This Errand Whore can tell an errand lye.

But further, if our Lords Disciples have  
 His body eat, their bellies were his Grave;

If so, no doubt the women likewise much  
 Deceived were, when they so early such  
 Great hast did make to see where they had laid  
 His body, unto whom the Angels said,  
*He is not here, but risen from the dead,*  
 Go tell to his Disciples what is sed,  
 And let them know the Grave could not him hold,  
 As he before had often them foretold.  
 Away they went, and told this to the rest,  
 But their report they did not in the least  
 Give credit to, their words did rather seem  
 To be a tale, or some such idle dream;  
 But after this, as two of them did go  
 To *Emmaus* (but they did not him know)  
 Christ on the way they went, drew near to them,  
 But as I said, they did not know 'twas him;  
 He takes occasion to begin some talk  
 As they together on the way did walk,  
 And doth enquire *why they were so sad?*  
*What that communication was they had?*  
 They answer him, *Art thou a stranger here,*  
*That thou this weighty matter dost not hear*  
*Concerning Jesus whom they crucifi'd,*  
*Who was condemn'd, and for the people dy'd?*  
*We trusted that it had been he that should*  
*Have now redeemed Israel, and would*  
*Upon the third day rise up from the dead;*  
*And there some women are that have it sed,*  
*That he is risen, and again doth live,*  
*Which doth astonish us; but we can give*



No credit to them, for they have not seen  
 His person, though to day they've early been  
 To look for him where they his body laid.  
 Then Christ to this them answered, and said,  
 Oh fools, and slow of heart for to believe,  
 What all the Prophets spake won't you receive?  
 And from the Prophets he did show that he  
 Accordingly must crucified be,  
 And rise again the third day from the dead,  
 As all the holy Prophets witnessed.  
 But when they drew near to the Village where  
 They were to go, Christ made as though he were  
 Not minded farther with these two to go;  
 But they constrained him with Reasons, so  
 That he went in to tarry there that night;  
 He sat at meat, and vanish'd out of sight;  
 He blest and broke the bread, and then they knew  
 That it was he, and what he said, was true.  
 We then conclude, his Schollars did not eat  
 His body corp'rally, that is a cheat  
 That Rome invented to deceive the blind,  
 A thing in Scripture never man did find;  
 For this is clear, that Jesus Christ was slain,  
 Laid in his Grave, the third day rose again;  
 His real body that was crucifi'd,  
 The same was rais'd again, as Thomas try'd;  
 For he was doubtful of the matter still,  
 Would not believe that Christ was risen, till  
 (To satisfy his doubt) Christ condescends  
 So graciously, that he his doubt soon ends,

By saying, *Thomas, feel my sides and hands;*  
Which *Thomas* doth, and then amazed stands,  
And saith, *My Lord, my God, I now do see*  
*'Tis thou thy self, no other man but thee.*

Then afterward Christ in the sight of all  
His 'leven Disciples, whom he did forth-call,  
And led them forth as far as *Bethany*,  
He blessed them, and from them straight did fly.  
He did ascend to Heav'n out of their sight,  
Into that glory and transcendant light,  
Where he before with God his Father dwelt,  
And where he ne're such bitter usage felt  
As here on earth he did from such as those  
Who for his love became his cruel foes;  
Where now in heav'n his body doth remain,  
And shall until he doth descend again  
From heav'n to earth, to recompence all men  
As their deeds be done in the body; then  
How can the bread be transubstantiated,  
When by a sottish Priest 'tis consecrated?  
His body being now in heav'n above,  
And from that throne will never more remove  
Until the time appointed by the Father,  
Which will be dreadful unto *Rome*, the rather  
Because she doth those murder and devour  
That wil not her adore, nor own her power:  
The flesh of Christ she eats, she drinks his blood,  
Not that in heav'n, it's not to be understood,  
But that on earth, his members that are here,  
That serve the Lord in spirit, faith and fear.

His body that's in Heaven she cannot eat,  
 Although she fyes, and saith it is her meat :  
 But that she cannot reach, that's one good turn,  
 For if she could, she would him eat or burn.  
 And yet this Whore is still so impudent,  
 That of her Whorish trade she won't repent;  
 Nor doth she blush, but boldly will attest,  
 That she's the Church of Christ; I think 'tis best  
 For her to say so, prov't she cannot do,  
 Unless she prove (and that I know is true)  
 That she the Synagogue of Satan is :  
 If *Rome* be that, then so no Church it is  
 Of Christ, I'm sure : But for to prov't she pleads  
 Antiquity, and that the Pope succeeds  
 Th' Apostle *Peter* in his sacred Chair,  
 And saith that he by Christ is placed there,  
 And that he hath receiv'd the sacred Keys,  
 And power hath to do what ere he please,  
 To bind or loose, and what he doth on earth  
 Is ratifi'd in heav'n; nay more, she saith,  
 That she hath such Authority receiv'd  
 (If you do think this Whore may be believ'd)  
 So great, that he doth give but his command,  
 And strait the gates of Heaven will open stand  
 To let in who he pleaseth to admit;  
 And any one, if he shall think it fit,  
 He'l canonize and make a Saint of him,  
 Provided he be paid for't well; but them  
 That can't or don't, shall never be a Saint  
 By his good will, nor never will he grant

A License unto such that they may go  
 To Heav'n, (they may be sure he won't do so),  
 But unto *Purgatory* at the least,  
 If not to Hell; but if he think it best,  
 They shal not stay there long, he'l pray them off,  
 If he be paid but well, he'l make no doubt.

And that he might the better cheat and blind  
 Poor souls, he will not suffer them to mind  
 The holy Scriptures, lest they should espy  
 His great deceits, and all his knavery,  
 That he in ignorance might still them keep,  
 And in the dark; he'l hardly let them peep,  
 For if they do, he will them plainly tell,  
 They must forbear, or they will go to hell:  
 Then they are frightened, thinking this is true;  
 But as for those with whom this will not do,  
 He with his Bulls will such men fright and scare;  
 But otherwise he'l say the Scriptures are  
 So full of mysteries, so deep and great,  
 That for the Laytie 'tis not fit nor meet  
 That they should read them, much less them ex-  
 That are such mysteries, and so profound; (pound,  
 The Laity have no other work to do  
 But yeild obedience to the Clergy, so,  
 That whatsoe're they say you must receive,  
 And them obey, believe as they believe;  
 The Fathers of the Church have thought it good  
 That only Priests the Scriptures understood:  
 As for the Laity, they should be content  
 With what the Fathers said, and did, and meant;  
 They

They ought to take no care, nor heed no other  
 But what the Church commands, who is their Mo  
 Which they must do upon a pain no less (ther  
 Then losing of eternal happiness :  
 For no Salvation can there be, faith she,  
 Unless with her in all things they agree,  
 Be an obedient child, a son or daughter ;  
 With such like stuff would fill a man with laughter:  
 But more the Fathers taught, and did agree,  
 That no Church-service should performed be,  
 But all in *Latin* ought and must be read,  
 And there's good reason for't, as *Rome* hath sed;  
 It's meet there should a Uniformity  
 Be in the Church, that so the unity  
 Thereof might be preserv'd, that there be no  
 Such Hereticks that Herefie do sow ;  
 Which to prevent, it is not fit that they  
 (The Laity) should know what the Priest doth say,  
 That were the way to make them all as wise  
 As we our selves; how should we hide our lyes?  
 No, 'tis decreed throughout the Universe,  
 There shall no Priest presume, nor Monk rehearse  
 No Mass, no Prayer, nor no Ave Mary,  
 And from this Edict none must dare to vary :  
 That what the Laity doth not understand,  
 They may the more admire, and wonder, and  
 Fall down and worship with such great devotions,  
 With smiting of their breasts, and invocations,  
 With stamping, crossing, howling, bawling, and  
 Such Superstitions as would make one stand

Amaz'd to see such extream foolery,  
 Their madness and their great idolatry:  
 They are so mad and drunk (one well may judge)  
 With blinded zeal, they're made the Devils drudge,  
 Besotted so they are with ignorance,  
 That he is able them to lead what dance  
 Best pleaseth him, what suits most with his will,  
 They like his children, will his mind fulfill:  
 They are begotten after his own likeness,  
 And ready are to do what works of darkness  
 That he their Father shall of them command,  
 They at his beck will go by sea or land  
 His Kingdom to uphold or to enlarge,  
 And faithfully their duty will discharge  
 To him their Father, and his works will do,  
 As many martyr'd Saints have found it true;  
 For out of doubt the Devil is their Father,  
 They be his children, & the Whore's their Mother.

'Twill now be fit that we should briefly speak  
 To *Romes Antiquity, Succession* eke;  
 Both which she boasteth of, that she them hath  
 Above all other Churches on the Earth,  
 And doth conclude from thence, that none but she  
 (Forsooth) the true and Mother-Church can be:  
 Then as to her *Antiquity* we must  
 Begin, and therefore we will ask her first  
 A sober question, which if she doth please,  
 Is answer'd in the Negative with ease;  
 And that is, Whether Christ did ever make  
 A Pope of Peter, or he ever take

Upon him such a Lordly Pope to be,  
 That unto him men stoop and bow'd the knee?  
 Or, whether any man did ever know  
 That *Peter* was so proud, men kist his toe?  
 Or, whether *Peter* was so high and great,  
 That Kings and Princes gave to him their seat,  
 And at his pleasure and command lay down  
 At *Peters* feet their Scepters and their Crown?  
 And such as pleas'd him, them set up; but those  
 That did displease him, curse, and them depose:  
 And all such Princes that refus'd to bow  
 Unto his will? Or would he not allow  
 Their subjects unto them such honor give,  
 Under whose Government they then did live?  
 As he the Church (should do) did once command,  
 As in his Letter they may understand.  
 If *Rome* can answer this from Scripture-proof  
 In the affirmative, I think she doth  
 More than her Doctors ever did before,  
 Ere since the Spirit saith she was a Whore.  
 But *Peter* was so far from being Pope,  
 He was no Lord; I may conclude, I hope,  
 If that be so, as that it is, then we  
 Believe the Pope is younger far than he:  
 For *Peter* leaves this charge with Elders, as,  
 (*Peter* himself an Elder also was)  
 That they should feed the Flock of God that were  
 Among them, and of them should take the care,  
 Both willingly, and of a ready mind.  
 (No such in *Babylon* a man shall find)

That neither by constraint do undertake  
 The charge, nor yet for filthy lucre sake;  
 No, nor as Lords; for Lords they must not be,  
 Nor lord it o're Gods Heritage; but see  
 They good ensamples were unto the Flack,  
 And by that means they might lay up a stock  
 In Heav'n above, which Christ to them will give  
 At his appearance: But such men must live  
 In faith, in love, in peace and purity,  
 In godliness, and in the verity,  
 In Doctrine unproveable, that so  
 Those that unlearned be, the truth may know;  
 Not in the pride of life, but always he  
 Cloth'd with humility he ought to be;  
 And as a Father, go before the sheep,  
 And feed them well, and them from danger keep,  
 From being by the crafty Fox annoy'd,  
 Or by the Lyon or the Wolf destroy'd:  
 And he that is the chiefest Shepherd will  
 Such Shepherds certainly reward so well,  
 They shall not once from him receive a frown,  
 Nor triple Mitre, but of life a Crown.  
 By what is said we may already find,  
 The Lordly Pope is of another mind  
 Than Peter was; for he no Lord would be,  
 Nor no man else that was in his degree;  
 Which proves the Pope, as you may clearly see,  
 To have no *Primitive Antiquity*.  
 For there no Popes nor Cardinals were then;  
 Nay, Christ forbids such Lords should be; for when



He was upon the earth, a charge left he  
 With his Disciples, that they should not be  
 Lordly nor lofty, as when men do meet  
 Them in the Market-place they should them greet:  
 Nor must they suffer any of them to call  
 Rabby, for Christ was Master ore them all:  
 No, nor must they presume by no means neither,  
 To call a man upon the Earth their Father;  
 For they no Father have on earth, but one  
 Which is in Heaven, their Father is alone:  
 Nor no preheminance must any seek;  
 But holy, humble they must be, and meek;  
 For he that doth exalt himself, shall be  
 Abas'd; so much our Lord hath said, *That he*  
*That will be greatest, 'tis his will he shall*  
*No Master be, but servant to them all.*  
 Indeed the Princes of the Gentiles do  
 Dominion exercise ore men; 'tis true;  
 And such as Lords, and one that's greatest, he  
 Did exercise ore them authority:  
 But Christ's Disciples must not Lord it so,  
 If any seek such power, he must know  
 This is the mind of Christ, that such men should  
 Be ministers unto the rest, that would  
 Keep faithful in the place which Christ hath set  
 Them in, and ne're such honor seek to get.  
 And further, *Paul* unto the *Corinths* faiths,  
 That they had no dominion ore their Faith;  
 Nor were they Lords, but helpers of their joy,  
 They stood by Faith, then would they not destroy

That Faith that Jesus Christ unto them gave;  
 For there is no man on the earth can have  
 Dominion over Faith, but Christ alone:  
 For that Prerogative is his, and none  
 But he can lay such claim unto the same,  
 Though *Pope*, or call'd by any other name:  
 And yet this lofty, proud, imperious Whore  
 Assumes this great Prerogative, and more,  
 She doth by force presume to contradict  
 That precious Faith, the Faith of Gods elect:  
 Nay, such she saith is her Authority,  
 That Kings and Princes she dares to defie;  
 Which *Peter* never had; then this, if true,  
 She *Peter's* Faith and Practice never knew.  
 And therefore it (concluding) is that *Rome*  
 Hath not *Antiquity* beyond what some  
 Now living have, who in the Faith now be  
 That *Peter* had, those have *Antiquity*.

The next thing which we chiefly are to heed,  
 Is her *Succession*; she doth also plead,  
 And saith from *Peter* 'twas she did receive  
 Her great Commission, if you'll her believe;  
 And that from him, and since down all along,  
 Which she will prove by arguments so strong,  
 That none shall them oppose; her reasons are  
 So wicked strong indeed, that no man dare.  
 As for her arguments, the best are these,  
 If any *Rome* oppose, or her displease,  
 Away with him unto the Inquisition,  
 Or, take him Gaoler, grant him no permission

Of any Liberty, but keep him from  
 His Friends, or those that unto him would come,  
 And keep him there close up some months or years,  
 And then he will conform, be fill'd with fears  
 Of worser things that after will ensue:  
 If all these fail, and none of them will do,  
 Then out she brings that argument at last  
 That is the strongest, and that keeps them fast  
 Unto the question answer *Yea*, or *no*,  
*Will you conform, or to the Fire go?*  
 The strongest argument *Rome* hath is *Fire*,  
 Which is confuted when Saints do expire  
 In flames, as Witnesses of Christ against  
 Her Usurpation, Darkness, Ignorance,  
 That she hath introduc'd, and caus'd to be  
 Committed ever since the time that she  
 A right did plead or claim unto *Succession*  
 (As she pretends) to *Peters* great Commission.

But also unto this we do reply,  
 She doth not him succeed; the reason why,  
 Is very clear, exceeding plain, that she  
 A Successor of *Peter* cannot be;  
 Because that none but those of *Peters* Faith  
 Can him succeed, or that from *Peter* hath  
 Receiv'd Commission or Authority  
 To be a Bishop, or to use thereby  
 The Pow'r of Christ, to rule or take the care  
 Of peoples souls, such men must make no spare  
 Of pains nor labour, neither should they please  
 Themselves, nor live in pleasure nor at ease,

Nor pomp and state, nor have things as they will,  
 But must deny themselves, if they fulfil  
 Their Ministry with joy, which they receiv'd  
 Of Jesus Christ, in whom they have believ'd,  
 And ready be to offer up their All  
 For him, and for his Flock, if God should call  
 Them forth to such a service and a work,  
 Them to defend against the Pope or Turk  
 Defend, I say, by sound and wholesome preaching  
 Of Gospel-truths, and them confirm by teaching,  
 To let them understand, to see and know  
 What great Impostors there's at Rome, and show  
 Their great prophaneness, and their filthy pride,  
 Idolatry and cruelty beside.

But as I said, *Succession* no man hath,  
 But such as follow Christ, and keep the Faith,  
 That precious Faith which *Peter* had, and none  
 But that which Christ did build his Church upon;  
 For those that do succeed in that true Faith,  
 They, and no other, true *Succession* hath;  
 Which all impartial men may clearly see  
 By what *Paul* writeth unto *Timothy*:  
 This charge he gives to *Timothy*, That all  
 The things that *Timothy* had heard of *Paul*,  
 Among those many witnesses, that he  
 Did Faith and Truth confirm to *Timothy*;  
 The same he did receive, he must commit  
 To faithful men, (for so *Paul* thought it fit)  
 And not to men that had not Faith, nor such  
 That erred from the Faith, or thought it much  
 To

*To feed the Flock, except they had the wool,*  
 And would ~~make war~~ except their ~~mouths were full~~:  
 But unto such whose lives were commendable,  
 And who to reach the Truth were very able,  
 That they likewise to other *faithful men*  
 Should give the self-same charge as *Paul* did then;  
 That down along none should succeed but he  
 That kept the Faith. From time to time you see  
 From what is said it doth appear so plain,  
 That there doth no *Succession* now remain  
 In *Rome*, because *Rome* now hath wrackt and lost  
 The Faith of *Peter*, whereof she doth boast,  
 For she that Faith hath often stigmatiz'd  
 With such defame, and hath apostatiz'd,  
 That long ago she her *Succession* lost,  
 And Christ withall, she chang'd him for the Host.  
 Which now she doth adore, and fall down to,  
 And therefore let us give the Whore her due;  
 If any one there be she doth succeed,  
 It is the Serpent, for she doth proceed  
 So fully in his ways and paths she goes,  
 That she's a friend to none that are his foes:  
 Then none but blind men can perswaded be,  
 But she her power hath from none but he,  
 For him she is a faithful servant to,  
 And therefore her Authority 'tis true  
 Doth come from him, and him she doth succeed,  
 He is her Father, and her help in need.

If *Rome* will wipe away this great defame  
 And filthy blot that is upon her Name,

That she doth not succeed good *Peter* in  
 The sacred Chair; then let her now begin  
 To prove from Scripture, if she can, that she  
 The faith of *Peter* hath; and if so be  
 That she can prove her idle god of Bread  
 To be that man that's risen from the dead,  
 And dyed for our sins, and rose again,  
 And went to Heav'n, where now he doth remain;  
 Unless she prove, I say, he came from thence,  
 And is become a bit of Bread, from whence  
 He doth into her filthy belly go,  
 And whither then, all men, but fools, may know:  
 Which blasphemies were never thought by *Peter*,  
 'Twas never known that man could eat his Maker.  
 I then conclude in spite of Pope or Hell,  
 Do what they can, true Faith will bear the Bell.  
 And though the Whore pretends so much to be  
 Possess'd by *Peter* with the sacred Key,  
 And that without all kind of intermission,  
 The *Popes* have followed *Peter* in Succession,  
 The truth of which we do more then suspect,  
 Because his Faith and Words she doth reject:  
 For his Authority she will not take,  
 Nor no account of that or him doth make  
 To be a Rule to her for what she doth  
 Believe or practise, but from him she goeth  
 Unto those men she doth the *Fathers* call,  
 And them she doth command her subjects all  
 To hear, believe, to follow and to read;  
 But for the holy Scripture that is dead

So far, that no man can the right way find;  
 But whosoever doth the *Fathers* mind,  
 Shal find the right way; they taught what was good,  
 That is, that we the Cross adore, the Rood;  
 And they us likewise taught, and thought it meet,  
 That we should fall down to't, though in the street  
 Or any other place; these Doctors they  
 Did teach us thus with Beads to cry and pray  
 To all those Saints that now are dead and gone,  
 That they for us might interceed the Throne  
 Of God; and these men taught us all likewise,  
 If we will have them open ears or eyes,  
 We must their Images so much adore,  
 Like petty gods or goddesses; and more,  
 They also taught, and do command that we  
 Should go a Pilgrimage sometimes, to see  
 Their Sepulchres so richly deckt, and brave,  
 With gold & precious stones, with which they have  
 Thought fit therewith that every holy shrine  
 Should be adorn'd and made so brave and fine,  
 In honor only of the holy Saint;  
 They also teach that we should bravely paint  
 Their Images, that we may see, and have  
 A high esteem of them when ere we crave  
 A boon; and when that we in any place  
 Do pass them by, and look them in the face,  
 The sight of them may stir up some devotion,  
 And bring into our minds some holy motion.

They also teach we must not be unkind,  
 But when we go, we ought to leave behind

An Offering, that Saint so to content,  
 That he for us may willingly present  
 What we do crave to God above, and then  
 They us perswade, and we believe that when  
 This is perform'd, we merit such access  
 Unto this Saint, that us he will so bless,  
 We need not fear but he will send us down  
 Such store of Pardons, sealed in his Throne;  
 Or give such order unto them that are  
 His *Monks* or *Friars*, that we never fear,  
 But when we come to make to them Confession,  
 We shall not miss nor fail of the remission  
 Of all our sins, though great, and such as be  
 As black as Hell it self; then what care we  
 If we our pleasure take and live in sin,  
 Tush, we'll not care nor matter that a pin:  
 For if we should some beastly sin commit,  
 Such that we must some penance do for it,  
 Or go sometime a Pilgrimage agin  
 To invoke some Saint for this foul sin;  
 'Tis but the giving him another bribe,  
 And then all's well: such are they of this tribe,  
 That they can put up greater wrongs than such,  
 They never think of those like wrongs too much.  
 These are the things the Fathers teach, and say,  
 (Which if we do) they lead the ready way  
 To happiness. Oh! what a thing is this,  
 That we so easily can go to bliss!

But if (they say) we in the Scripture look,  
 And pore therein, and do what that same Book  
 Doth



Doth teach to do, we never then shall find  
 That good content and quietness of mind  
 Which now we have in that they bid us do,  
 And we believe in that they tell us true:  
 We willingly consent unto their motion,  
 For *Ignorance is mother of Devotion*,  
 Thus doth this blind Whore lead the blind along  
 With such deceits, so powerful and strong  
 That with this cord she binds them all so fast,  
 Both she and they the Devil will at last  
 Them take and have, except they do repent,  
 And by their coming out of her, prevent  
 Him of his prey, or else he will not miss  
 (Tis to be fear'd) of more, ere he hath less.

But that all men may further know and see  
 How much from *Peter's* mind they disagree,  
 And that the Whore in nothing doth at all  
 Walk in the steps of *Peter* nor of *Paul*:  
 For he whom she pretends she doth succeed,  
 The Church commandeth that she should take  
 Unto the holy Scriptures, for they be (heed  
 A Light unto the blind, by which they see  
 Their way in dark and dismal places, so  
 That by its shining Light they see to go  
 Without all stumbling, neither do they fall  
 Into those wicked errors others shall,  
 That will not have the Scripture for their guide,  
 To give them light, lest they should turn aside  
 Into such paths as lead out of the way,  
 Which those that heed not Scripture do and may,  
 As

As we by much experience know and find,  
 To disregard the Scripture, makes men blind;  
 When men to Fathers fly, or *Light within*,  
 Without the Scripture, then they any sin  
 The Fathers or their Fancies leads them to,  
 They very ready are to act or do,  
 To heed the holy Scriptures therefore we  
 Commanded are by *Peter*, as you see;  
 For Scripture is the *Word of Prophecy*,  
*A more sure Word*, as *Peter* saith, whereby  
 We may discover, or unvail and see  
 The *Mystery of Romes Iniquity*,  
 And by its shining Light they do expel  
 All mists of darkness that arise from Hell:  
 A Rule to us the holy Scriptures are  
 Of Faith and Conversation; for they were  
 Writ for our learning, that by them we might  
 Know *Truth from Error*, and walk in the *Light*:  
 For *holy Scripture* by good men of old,  
 As *Peter* in his Letter hath us told,  
*Was spoke by them as they were moved by*  
*The holy Ghost*. If so, then certainly  
 We must them heed as God's pure mind, for then  
*Came they to any by the will of men?*  
 Besides, the holy Scripture is the thing  
 That doth unto our understandings bring  
 The knowledge of that holy Mystery,  
 Which hath been kept from Ages secretly  
 Ere since the world began, but now are made  
 Known by the Scriptures of the Prophets aid,  
 According

According to the great Commandment  
Of God, who did and hath those Prophets sent,  
That he by them might make known what he saith  
To Nations, for obedience to the Faith.

Yet notwithstanding, this besotted crew  
Doth say there is more to their Fathers due  
Than to the Scripture, that they might men blind,  
So darken and becloud the hearts and mind  
Of those they have so much deceiv'd, that so  
They should not their Abominations know.  
But *Paul* might sure as well believed be,  
As any Cardinal, or Pope, or he  
That is the greatest Champion they ere had;  
For sure in their conceit he wa'nt so bad,  
But he might be believ'd as soon as they;  
And yet when ever *Paul* did preach or pray,  
He would do neither in the speech or tongue,  
When he did either pray or preach among  
Such men who could his speech not understand,  
But did declare the truth in plainness; and  
When he and *Silas* to *Berea* went,  
They being thither by the Brethren sent  
To preach the Gospel to them of that place,  
Preach there they did the Gospel of the Grace  
Of God to sinners, where were some so noble,  
Though *Paul* was authoriz'd and very able  
To preach, yet would they not him trust, for they  
More noble were than *Thessalonica*,  
Because they search'd the Scriptures, there to find  
If *Paul* did preach according to the mind

Of Jesus Christ, they search the Scriptures so,  
 That they might satisfie themselves, and know  
 The truth of what was preach'd, or whether he  
 Had preach't to them the Truth; they would not be  
 Content to take't on trust, but so'e they go  
 To try whether those things were so or no.  
 This deed recorded is, a mark of their  
 Nobility, because they did not spare  
 To read and search the Scriptures, as appears  
 (Which *Rome* forbids to do, 'tis that she fears)  
 So plain, that none can well the truth deny,  
 Except it be the Whore, who doth defie  
 The man that doubts, or shall in question call  
 Her filthy lies, her great deceits; though all  
 Of them be so direct, contrary to  
 The holy Scriptures, one would marvel who  
 Could be so blind that cannot find and see  
 That she their souls deludes, and that they be  
 Led by the nose to such a pit and snare,  
 That if they do not take a special care,  
 And from her flee, they will no doubt partake  
 Of all those plagues that will her overtake.

Christ did command the *Jews* when he was here,  
 To search the Scriptures, for the Scriptures are  
 Those holy Records that did testify  
 Of him, and how that he should come and dye,  
 Be of a Virgin born, and how that he  
 Should for our sakes and sins abased be,  
 Laid in a manger, so impoverished,  
 As not to have whereon to lay his head,

And

And should receive both scoffs & scorn from men  
 Be brought before their Judgment-seat, and then  
 Be crucifi'd, and for poor sinners slain,  
 And them to justifie, be rais'd again;  
 And how he was by his Disciples seen  
 After he three dayes in the grave had been,  
 And after that ascended up on high  
 Into his Fathers Throne above the Skie,  
 Where now he intercedes for them that are  
 His faithful Followers, all them that fear  
 His holy Name, that do depart from evil;  
 And from the Pope, his deeds, & from the Devil;  
 Where now he also sits, expecting when  
 His Foes God will his footstool make, and then  
 He shall descend to judge both quick and dead:  
 Why should the Whore the Scripture then forbid,  
 Except it be because she would not have  
 Men know the Truth, but be to her a slave;  
 For if *Rome* had the Truth, be sure those scorners  
 Would never hide the Truth, *Truth seeks no corners.*

But further, *Paul* doth *Timothy* commend,  
 Because he when a child, his mind did bend,  
 And give himself to search the Scriptures, so  
 That he thereby the mind of God did know;  
 He such a good proficient soon became  
 By reading, or the study of the same.  
 If *Paul* then doth commend, and will allow  
 A Child to search and reade the Scripture, how  
 Dares *Rome* to be so impudent and bold  
 The Scriptures then from any to withhold?

For all the Scripture was by inspiration,  
 Given of God to every Generation,  
 And profitable as for Doctrine, eke,  
 For to reprove, correct, instruct the meek,  
 In Righteousness, they able are we know,  
 To make one wise unto Salvation, though  
 They are rejected by two sorts of men;  
 Concerning one I shall not use my pen  
 At this time; what I may hereafter do  
 I will not say, but this I know is true,  
 The Scripture ought to be a Rule to thee,  
 Thy duty 'tis to make it so to be.  
 If thou unto Perfection wouldst attain,  
 The Word of God will perfect thee again:  
 Or if thou wouldst be thoroughly furnished well  
 To all good works, let me thee one thing tell,  
 Live in the Light and Spirit of the Word,  
 And thou shalt find it will such help afford,  
 Thou wilt be furnished so thorowly  
 To all good works, thou'lt flee iniquity.  
 But if thou dost the Scripture once reject,  
 And disesteem it, under what respect  
 So-e're it be (thou'lt find my words are true,  
 For what I say, I by experience knew)  
 Thou then art made so fit, as fit may be,  
 For Satans Ministers to work on thee  
 What pleaseth them, thou wilt to Error fall,  
 And lose thy Faith, and Hope, and Christ and all.  
 But to return; It seems without the Books  
 Of Romes great learned Doctors, let their looks  
 Be

Be nere so high, yet this we find and know  
 The Scripture's of ability to show  
 Such saving Truths, there is no want of trash  
 That comes from *Rome*, their robbish nor hog  
 Nor of their Superstitions, that are found  
 From sacred Scripture to receive no ground.

But may we not by this time understand  
 What is the reason *Rome* doth so command  
 Her subjects all the Scripture to reject,  
 That they to it dare give no more respect?  
 Now without doubt we have the reason why,  
 It is, because her beastly Sodomy  
 Should not by any once perceived be; (see  
 For, should they read the Scriptures, they would  
 Her nakedness, and all her filthy trade,  
 And that her gods are such her self hath made;  
 And yet to see that men should be so blind,  
 So willingly deceiv'd, that they ne'r mind  
 The holy Scripture, nor no other Book,  
 There's none of them that scarcely dares to look  
 In any such, that she doth not allow  
 For them to use; a man would wonder how  
 Men can part with their souls at such a rate  
 As they lose theirs; some say it is their fate  
 Or destiny, for God did once decree  
 That men should sin, and thus deluded be.  
 But 'tis not so, God ne'r decreed no evil,  
 All evil works proceed do from the Devil;  
 He only is the author of them all,  
 Idolatry, and errors great and small;

And man do willingly adhere to him, with all  
 And to his wayes and meares, rather than them  
 That God appointed, this is very right, yet shall  
 Such men have darkness, and do have their light to  
 For let the Whore command them what she will,  
 If 's he to murder any one, or kill, he shall not  
 Be't Prince or People, any, what else they, El  
 For willingly the Whore's mind they obey, and  
 Such doe obedienc, children they have bin,  
 Hereto they they think can be no sin.

But as I said, the reason why she doth  
 Forbid to read the Scripture, may be both  
 Because she would not any man should see  
 The Truth, and also is because that she (know  
 Fears the Scripture, her Whoredoms will make  
 And all her works of darkness will be shown  
 And therefore, that she may her Whoredoms hide,  
 The use of Scripture she will not abide,  
 Though Christ, it's clear, did very well approve  
 The searching of the Scriptures, and did move to  
 The Jews thereto by his commands, that so  
 They might there find whether he were Christ  
 But this proud painted Whore will give no room  
 That liberty, but her they all must own,  
 Without all doubt, or any jealousy,  
 But she must be the Church of Christ, and why  
 Because her Doctors say't, that's their belief,  
 That's that my fellow whorers I'm a chief  
 They and their writings, as she saith, by far  
 Must be esteemed more than the Scriptures are.



Her Fathers and her Councils, and what they  
 Decreed, we sooner will must all obey,  
 Than any Scriptures Writings, for they be,  
 Or were writ in the Churches infancie  
 Now the Church is grown to such a state,  
 And such maturity, we scorn and hate  
 To learn or follow any thing that's there,  
 It is below us and our holy Chair,  
 And more than that, it will bewray us all,  
 The people will us know, and then we fall,  
 As *Dagon* did before the holy Ark,  
 We then our dogs can send no more to bark  
 Against the Scripture, and those holy wayes  
 That practis'd were in the primitive dayes.  
 For this we know full well, there is no ground  
 In holy Scripture can or will be found,  
 For that great pomp and state we now live in,  
 Should this be known, there's none would care  
 For us, the people very soon would baite  
 Our greatness, and our doings soon would hate,  
 And quickly pluck us from our holy Chair,  
 And pull our feathers till we were so bare,  
 That all the world would quickly plainly see  
 What monstrous, cunning, cheating knaves we be.  
 But, if we can but keep them ignorant,  
 We then shall lord it still, and ore them vaunt;  
 'Tis but the hiding Scripture from their eyes,  
 By thundring threats, or under some disguise,  
 We then are safe enough, and all things still  
 Will go according to our mind and will.

And therefore it will be but for his to play  
 That very game we have shew many day,  
 For that's the game we by experience find  
 That holds us up, and does the people blind  
 Well now we having briefly shew and seen  
 Her whorish face, that faith she is a Queen  
 And shall no longer ever know our fear  
 We'll hint a little what her plagues will be,  
 And that there is good ground we may expect  
 That men, as well as God, will her reject  
 Those plagues that will come on her in one day  
 Nay, in one hour, and shew what plagues are they  
 What Judgments God hath now laid up in store  
 Against that day that God will plague the Whore  
 First, then God will lift up a Banner on  
 The Mountains high, that will not be alone  
 The Voice shall be exalt, and shake the hand  
 That they may enter in within her Land,  
 And go into her Nobler gates, and be  
 The great forerunners of her miserie  
 For then God's sanctified ones will be  
 Command, and call his mighty ones that be  
 Appointed for his anger, who rejoyce  
 In him, his highness, and commanding Voice  
 Then shall the bowl, the day of God's at hand  
 And all among her shall amazed stand  
 Because destruction will upon her fall  
 From the Almighty, and the weapons all  
 Of his great indignation then will stand  
 Against her, they shall waste her and her Land

They come from far, so far, that from the end  
 Of Heav'n, her to destroy, God will them send;  
 To fear, for pain, and sorrow they shall drive  
 This *Sparkle Whore*, they shall against her thrive;  
 And she shall be in pain, as women are  
 That are in travel, and be fill'd with fear;  
 So much amaz'd, her brats will look and stare  
 At one another, wondering what they are,  
 Whose faces are as flames, for so they'll be  
 When she the coming of this day doth see;  
 That cruel day of anger and of wrath, (loth  
 Which day will come, though God seems to be  
 To plague her for her sins, yet when they are  
 Become full-ripe, he will no longer bear,  
 But will against proud *Babylon* arise,  
 Her nakedness uncover, and her thighs,  
 And lay her in the dust with loathsome shame,  
 Cut off from her both son and nephew, name,  
 And remnant too, that there shall be no more  
 Left, nor remain of this proud painted Whore.

For this great Work shall certainly be done,  
 When God shall say to *Jacob*, *Fear thou none*;  
*Worm*, *Jacob* then shall so exalted be,  
 And from the Lord receive such strength, that he  
 Shall by *Jehovah* out of doubt be made,  
 According as the Prophets have fore-said,  
 A *threshing Instrument* both *sharp* and *new*,  
 To *thresh this Mountain with*, this tale is true;  
 God will the Mountains beat therewith to small,  
 And make the Hills as chaff, and fan them all.

(16)

The wind shall carry them away, and when  
The whirlwind shall them scatter, *Jacob* then  
Shall magnifie and praise the Lord with songs,  
And give the praise to whom the praise belongs,  
For in the holy One of *Israel* he  
Shall glory now and everlastingly.

When God shall give to *Zion* this Command  
*Arise and breathe*, up *Zion* then shall stand,  
Her horns shall then be made as Iron, when  
Her hoofs shall be as brass, with which those men  
I mean, of *Babylon*, or *Rome*, shall be  
Beat all in pieces for their cruelty;  
For God will bath his Sword in Heav'n, and then  
He'll send it down upon those wicked men,  
All them that are the people of his Curse,  
That will not turn, but still wax worie and worie,  
To Judgment it shall come to judge the Whore,  
For all her cursed deeds which she hath store:  
For when the day of Vengeance shall come in  
The heart of God, he'll punish all her sin,  
That day of Vengeance, which to God is known,  
That year of Recompences for *Zion*,  
For *Zion's* controvettie shall it be,  
When God shall judge and plague the Whore for  
Will tread her down in fury, and will make  
In anger *Rome's* foundations all to shake.  
Then wil the Lord bring down her pride & strength  
Unto the Earth, and she shall be at length  
A desolation, none in her shall dwell  
But Owls and Scarys, and those Fiends of Hell.

But

But now it may be some there are that will not  
 be willing, *When God shall break the yoke of all those men  
 Of Rome, which yoke is of his appointing,*  
 Which he will do because of the appointing  
 For when he sends the Spirit from on high,  
 Then will the time begin undoubtedly,  
 When all those plagues shall hasten and will come  
 Upon the *Scarlet Whore* and *Pope of Rome*.  
 But yet before this time may come or be,  
 The Lord will make his people all to see  
 How much they have by their unholiness,  
 Uncomely walking, and unthankfulness,  
 Their mis-improvement of rich mercy when  
 God gave them plenty to enjoy; and then  
 Their carnal, worldly-mindedness, that they  
 When they so liv'd in want of love, and strife,  
 Contention and debates, their pride and pleasure  
 They walked in for many days together  
 Their want of love to Christ, and zeal that they  
 Have for some time let very much decay  
 Their great indifferency to Heav'nly things  
 Which conduces to Apostasy some bring  
 All which if timely they be not prevented,  
 They will not by the Lord be well rewarded  
 For if they be not repented of in truth,  
 The Lord all such will spew out of his mouth  
 Besides all these, the Lord will have them too  
 Their unbelief, and their great knavery.

Their diffidence appears now in the sight  
Of him with whom they have to do, whose bright  
And piercing eye can see and look within,  
Discern and spy out ev'ry secret sin.

By which things they the Lord did much provoke,  
And have, as 'twere, against him done and spoke,  
And yet these things there's few do lay to heart,  
And fewer do as yet from them depart.  
Few faithfully perform the work of searching,  
And fewer do perform the work of putting.  
There's few that are in bitterness of soul  
For their high provocations, which for soul,  
So great and many were, with which they God  
Have much provok'd to bring on them a Rod.  
For't must confessed be, that by their sin  
The Name of God hath much reproached bin.  
Gods people have undoubtedly been such,  
Who have the wicked caused very much  
Him to blaspheme, and his most holy Name  
Hath by their evils suffer'd much derame.  
These things I say, the Lord would have us see,  
That so for them our souls might humbled be,  
And in the sence of them we might abhor  
And loath our selves, and mourn in secret for  
Those Evils that we ev'ry day commit  
Against the Lord, who notwithstanding yet  
His *Remedy* he hath not forsaken so,  
But their oppressors may for certain know,  
When he shall turn his hand on them agin,  
And purely purge their dross, and take their tin  
Away

Away, and then when he shall wash the filth  
 Of Zion's daughter, and restore to health  
 Jerusalem; by passing of her blood,  
 And cleanse her from her filth, which like a flood  
 Runs in the midst of her, which by chastisement  
 The Lord will do by burning, and by judgement;  
 For such a spirit will he send, I deem,  
 By Judgement God will then redeem,  
 And when this is accomplished, will be  
 Restore their Judges, and they then shall be  
 As at the first, their Counsellors shall stand  
 As at the first beginning in their Land:  
 And then despised Zion shall be nam'd,  
 (Which lieth in the dust, so much defam'd)  
 The City of Righteousness; Zion the  
 The faithful City, then will called be;  
 And then Jehovah will create upon  
 The dwelling-place that is in Mount Zion,  
 A cloud and smok on her Assemblies all,  
 The shining of a flaming fire, which shall  
 Be there by day, and likewise so by night,  
 Which never shall depart out of her sight;  
 Jehovah then will ne'r depart from thence,  
 On all the glory shall be a defence.  
 But some it's like will yet be asking me,  
 Within what year or month this time will be?  
 Because they would precisely this time know,  
 They would that I to them that time should show;  
 Or else prefix the time in which God will  
 Arise against the Whore, and her to fill  
 With

With all those plagues, she may for ever be  
 A by-word unto all posteritie.  
 To them I answer, that the seasons stand  
 In mans power, the times are in the hand  
 Of God alone; there's none but he can tell  
 Thirty nor months, no nor the year nor well;  
 That is his great prerogative to show  
 The times or seasons, day or hour to know;  
 But yet before these things accomplish'd be,  
 There will be signs in heav'n, which some may see;  
 And likewise on this earth, which will fore-run,  
 Those plagues will make Rome quake ere they have  
 Besides, *signs of the times*, which *sign* the wise (don  
 Can well discern, and do as highly prize.

But Babylon must fall, that's out of doubt,  
 And then there will be such a dreadful rout  
 As never was in any time before,  
 Such howling and lamenting of the Whore;  
 For all her sorrows shall come in one day,  
 Just like a flood that will not stop nor stay;  
 Both death and mourning, famine also will  
 Pursue her hard, and all her borders fill,  
 And she shall utterly be burnt with fire,  
 Which now she little dreads, doth less desire.  
 For strong's the Lord, that God which judgeth her,  
 Who now will plague her for her sins, and for  
 Her cruel usage of his Saints, as she  
 Rewarded them, she shall rewarded be.

Then now those Kings that with her have com-  
 Such fornications, and that her permitted  
 To



To reign and rule o're them, who with her liv'd  
 Liv'd so deliciously, so fine and brave,  
 Shall now bewail her, and lament herfore,  
 When they shall see her burning smoke before  
 Their eyes, as they from her start off stand,  
 For fear the torment of her should command  
 Them also, they cry, Oh! start! start!  
*See what a mighty great Choyce this was,*  
*Yet in one hour is her judgement come,*  
*Her woful fall, her dreadful, dismal doom.*

The Merchants of the earth shall also weep  
 And mourn for her, for they their goods may keep,  
 For though they have of Merchandize great store,  
 Now none will buy their Merchandize no more,  
 Though rich and gallant Merchandize they be,  
 As Gold and Silver, precious Stones, as the  
 So Cordial Pearl, and Linnen fine and good,  
 With Purple, Silk and Scarlet, and Sweet-Wood,  
 Their Ivory Vessels of all sorts and manner,  
 With other things wherewith they did adorn her,  
 As Vessels of most precious Wood and Brass,  
 Of Iron, Marble, with these things alas,  
 As Cinnamon and Odours, Oynments too,  
 Sure here's enough this old Whore to undo  
 But more, as Frankinsence, and Wine, and Oyles,  
 See what a great and utter total spoile  
 Will come upon her, and her Merchandize,  
 And on them all that now believe her lyes!  
 Nay, yet here's more, her Flower and her Wheat  
 Which she had got, her stolen Bread was sweet:

Her

Her Beasts, her Sheep, her Chariots & her Horses,  
 Besides all these, the greatest of her losses  
 Will be her Bodice and the Souls of men,  
 The Merchandize of which she loseth then;  
 Then will they her bewail and much lament  
 Her loss so great, her woful punishment;  
 Saying, those fruits her soul had thirsted for,  
 Those dainties are departed quite from her:  
 Them goodly things she cannot find at all,  
 For which her Merchants will so cry and bawl,  
 Who were made rich by her, and they shall stand  
 As far off weeping for her great loss, and  
 For fear of her great torments they shall say,  
 Alas! alas! how great is thy decay,  
 Thou City great, that clothed was so gay,  
 In Linen fine, most rich and brave array,  
 As Purple, Scarlet, deckt with Gold so brave,  
 And precious stones, which thou wast wont to have,  
 And Pearls & allas! but now all's gone! Oh how  
 Thy glory's lost, and in an hour thou  
 That wast so rich, the richer thou hast got,  
 Are lost and gone, and we quite come to nought!  
 The Masters of her ships shall weep, also  
 The company in ships when they shall know  
 That *Babylon* the great is down and spoil'd,  
 For whom they have so greatly toil'd and moil'd,  
 The Sailers likewise, and as many as  
 Did trade by sea, shall stand and cry, Alas!  
 And stand afar off too, when they shall see  
 Her smoke arise, and shall amazed be,

Saying,

Saying, *What City is like unto this,*  
 For greatness, riches, mightiness?  
 They now with mourning, weeping, wailing, and  
 With throwing dust upon their heads, as they stand  
 Admiring how that all her collineage,  
 By which her Leaders riches did possess,  
 And all her Masters that sail'd in the sea,  
 Should in an hour all thus destroyed be,  
 And she be made an utter desolation,  
 That was the pride, and glory of her Nations.  
 We then by holy Scripture find and see  
 This scarlet Whore shall thus rewarded be,  
 And how her dreadful fall shall be lamented  
 By all her Traders which have not repented:  
 But at this time when these lament her fall,  
 And weep and mourn because of her great fall,  
 The Heavens shall be commanded forth with all,  
 For to rejoyce ore her, and at her fall:  
 So shall Apostles be commended straight,  
 With all those Prophets that this Whore did hate,  
 Now to rejoyce ore her, because they see  
 That God on her will now avenged be.  
 They sing his praise, the praises of that God  
 Who hath destroy'd and broke her with his Rod,  
 That Rod of strength he out of Zion sent,  
 He gave command, and thither his Rod went.  
 Then wil be sung by them that Heavenly song,  
 With all those Saints and Martyrs she did wrong,  
 Those Hallelujahs, with Salvation be,  
 All glory, honor, power unto thee

O Lord our God, for true and righteous sake, Psalm 137  
 Thy judgments on the Earth, who would not fear  
 Those who dost judge the great whore for the Nations  
 Who hath corrupted with her Fornications;  
 And thou on her and hers; and on her Land  
 Hast now avenged justly at her hand  
 The blood of all thy faithful servants dear,  
 Whom this great whore did never nor did fear  
 To burn in fire flames, who so wrath stand  
 But now O Lord thou hast aveng'd their blood  
 Then Halleluiah, Praise the Lord therefore,  
 Her smoke rise up for ever, no more.  
 For which great total fall of hers let's pray  
 Unto the Lord that judgeth her, and say,  
 Now Lord make haste, and cloath thy self with Zeal  
 As with a cloak, let her thy fury feel;  
 And cloath thy self with vengeance as with garments,  
 And bring her to those everlasting torments,  
 Those plagues that thou hast written in thy Book  
 And in thy fury down upon her look.  
 Let all the blood that this great whore hath shed  
 Of holy Saints and Martyrs in that bed  
 Of fire flames, who sweetly went to sleep,  
 Committing of their souls to thee to keep,  
 Come up to thee dear Lord, upon her think,  
 And give this bloody whore even blood to drink,  
 And judge her for her great iniquitie,  
 Which great Concern, O Lord, we leave to thee.

Here followeth now a hint of that great Day  
 That Christ shall sit upon his Throne for ever  
 In which his Enemies shall bow the knee  
 And unto him shall in subjection be;  
 In which his Feet shall coverd be with shema  
 That have reproachfully spoke of his Name  
 In which the Crown upon his head shall glorie  
 In which Day he his Lambs will feed & nourish

**W**hen Babylon is fallen, fallen, then  
 Have at the Beast that monstrous Man of  
 Which hath seven Heads, ten Horns, whose com-  
 Be after Satans power and working still, One will  
 A more immediate working than before  
 Was seen to be in this great Scarlet Whore,  
 With signs and lying wonders he shall come,  
 Deceiving all the World, excepting some  
 Whose Names are written in the Book of Life,  
 These will the Lamb defend, these are his Wife.  
 This man of sin shall none of them seduce,  
 It is impossible he should produce  
 That lying wonder that can them deceive,  
 Do all he can, they will not him believe.  
 Them Christ will keep, they in his strength shall  
 That won't receive his mark in their right hand,  
 Nor in their foreheads, nor this Beast adore,  
 (Nor fall down to his Image) which before  
 Was,

Was, and was not, yet is, and which shall be  
 Much wonder'd after, when the world shall see  
 His Prophet call for fire down from Heav'n,  
 And cause the Image of the Beast with seven  
 Heads and ten Horns to speak, and then to cause  
 As many as would not obey his Laws,  
 And worship him; like vile this is decreed,  
 They must be kill'd, whoe're they be, with speed.  
 With these his wonders he will much deceive  
 All men on earth that won't the truth believe,  
 Or did not truth receive with love toat,  
 Upon all such this dreadful doom is writ,  
 Who pleasure took in all unrighteousness,  
 Shall all be damn'd for their lasciviousness.  
 This Beast Christ shall defeat and soon annoy,  
 The brightness of his coming shall destroy  
 This rampant Beast who glories in his strength,  
 Shall so confounded be, that he at length,  
 And his false Prophet, Jesus Christ shall take,  
 And cast them both alive into the Lake.

And then, O then that blessed Prince alone  
 Shall reign and be exalted on his Throne;  
 For then an Angel he shall send to bind,  
 And chain up Satan, who the world did blind,  
 And them deceive; but Satan then no more  
 Shall able be men to deceive before  
 A thousand years be fully come and ended,  
 That time from him all men shall be defended;  
 But some may here object to me, and say,  
 Christ now doth sit upon his Throne, to day,

Did yesterday, to morrow will, and still,  
 For ever did, and doth, and ever will  
 In order therefore to their satisfaction  
 That are propounders of this old objection  
 'Tis granted Christ now sits upon a Throne,  
 But this he now sits on, is not his own,  
 For 'tis his Father's Throne he now sits in,  
 So properly his own it hath not bin,  
 As 'tis his Father's; for himself hath said,  
 'Tis the Reward his Father hath him paid  
 For that most great and glorious victory  
 He did obtain o're Death when he did dye;  
 He overcame, and sat down on the Throne  
 With God his Father; so shall ev'ry one  
 That overcomes, sit down with him, and be  
 Plac't in the Throne of Christ; by which we see,  
 As God the Father hath his Throne, so shall  
 Our blessed Jesus have his Throne an'all  
 From whence we learn that certainly 'tis so,  
 That Christ sits on a Throne, his Father's tho;  
 And so as true, and certain also 'tis,  
 There is another Throne that will be his,  
 Of vvhich most glorious Throne I am to speak,  
 VVhich will that other Throne in pieces break,  
 That throne, I mean, the Pope and Beast sits on,  
 I do not mean the throne God sits upon;  
 And therefore that I might not tedious be,  
 I'll fall upon it straight, now presently.

I

A Throne in Scripture we read of that shall  
 As an inheritance to Jesus fall.  
 It is the promise of the Father he  
 Shall one day sit thereon, exalted be  
 To rule the Nations with an Iron Rod;  
 This shall be given to him by his God:  
 For 'tis the Covenant his Father made  
 With him, that he (as I before have said)  
 Should sit and rule upon the Throne for ever,  
 Of David; dispossess he shall be never:  
 When once the throne he doth and shall obtain,  
 He then will ever govern, rule and reign.

The Prophet *Esa* did this truth foresee,  
 That Jesus Christ should thus exalted be:  
 To us, saith he, a Child is born, a Son  
 Is given unto us; there shall upon  
 His Shoulders be the Government; his Name  
 Shall called be the wonderful (for Fancie  
 A.) Counsellor, the mighty God, the Prince  
 Of Peace, the everlasting Father; hence  
 It is his Government shall still increase,  
 For of his Government nor of his Peace  
 There is no end; upon the Kingdom and  
 The Throne of David he shall sit, his hand  
 Shall hold the Scepter, and he David's Kingdom  
 Will rule, and order shall with so much wisdom,  
 And shall establish it with Judgement, and  
 With Justice too likewise, throughout the Land;

That



That since forth and for ever it shall be  
 The zeal of God the Lord of Hosts shall see  
 This done; his zeal shall this perform, and then  
 Our blessed Lord shall sit and reign, and when  
 He sits upon his Throne, the Throne of David,  
 Then shall the Seed of Abraham be saved.

If this be truth, as doubters but it is,  
 I think there's few that lives, so wicked is  
 Plain Scripture to deny, except it be  
 The Pope of Rome, that whorish State, and he  
 That saith he hath got such a Light within,  
 That sheweth what is not, and what is sin?  
 The first indeed, as I before have said,  
 The Scriptures by command and threats have laid  
 Aside, that no man dares in them to look,  
 Nor scarce, as I have shewn, no other Book.  
 The other saith the Scriptures he don't need,  
 He hath a Light with which he can both read,  
 And see and know what's good, and what is bad,  
 And should if he the Scriptures never had.  
 These both a crafty, subtle trick have got,  
 That none may do or say what they think not  
 Agrees with either mind or interest  
 But I to hee the Scriptures think it best.

But to go on, this is but by the by,  
 Yet I do think and know they must the eye  
 Give to the Scripture, that will not believe,  
 Or do deny that Christ the Throne shall have,

That throne of David, and his Kingdom sway,  
 And that the Nations ever shall obey  
 His Laws and Precepts, so his will shall even  
 Be done on earth as now 'tis done in Heav'n  
 But that I may this truth yet further clear,  
 Which is so precious, lovely and so dear  
 To all that wait, and long, and love to see  
 That Christ alone should thus exalted be,  
 See what *Jabouh* unto David said,  
 Who by an Oath, Covenant had made  
 With David, That unto his Seed for ever  
 His throne he would establish, and would never  
 Break that same Oath, that Covenant, that Word  
 That is gone forth out of his mouth: the Lord  
 Once swore to David by his Holiness,  
 That he his Seed for evermore would bless  
 And should endure for ever, and his Throne  
 As long as there was either Day or Noon.  
 By David's seed must needs be understood  
 The seed of Faith: for there's no likelihood  
 That any other seed should keep his throne,  
 For after the *Messiah* came, was none  
 Of David's natural seed that did possess  
 His Throne of Kingdom: yet nevertheless  
 The oath God swore to him, was, that for ever  
 His seed should sit upon his throne, and never  
 Be dispossess thereof. But now it's plain  
 His throne is empty till it shall again

By

By Christ be mounted, who God will an throne  
 And for thereon, he is that Seed, and none  
 But he, and those that be, then shall, how hath  
 Made one with him through Grace, not Works, but  
 Both he and they together shall sit down, (Faith)  
 On Davids throne, and wear a glorious Crown.  
 We find that Peter in the Acts confirms  
 This exposition fully in plain terms, *knowing,*  
*saith he, that God had sworn an Oath,*  
*(Which cannot be a fable, but a truth)*  
*That of the fruit of Davids loyns should be,*  
*According to the flesh undoubtedly,*  
*Christ should be rais'd to sit on Davids Throne.*  
 This Peter saith; I am not then stupor  
 If neither he nor I you will believe,  
 What, will you then an Angel now receive,  
 By whom this exposition likewise shall  
 Confirmed be from Heaven? I think then all  
 Will be content more of this truth to hear,  
 There's some it love, though others do it fear.  
 The Angel Gabriel who from God was sent  
 Unto a City nam'd Nazareth, he went  
 Unto a Virgin spoused to a man,  
 He named Joseph was the time when she  
 From David unto him, the Virgins name  
 Was Mary, unto whom the Angel came,  
 And her salute with saying to her, *Hail,*  
*Thou highly favoured, blessed woman shall*

Conceive, thy womb shall now bring forth a Son,  
 And thou shalt call his Name (when he is born)  
 JESUS, he shall be great, and called he,  
 The Son of the Most High: undoubtedly  
 God shall confirm the throne of David give  
 And on it he shall sit, and ever live,  
 And on the House of Jacob ever reign,  
 His Kingdom shall for evermore remain:  
 For of it there shall never be an end,  
 This God so doth certainly intend.

If Peter were a man none could afford  
 To credit, yet methinks an Angels word  
 All men should credit, out of doubt believe  
 What they do speak from heaven, and all receive  
 What they do say, as well as part or some,  
 For part of this believed is by Rome:  
 To wit, that Christ was of a virgin born,  
 Though they believe God won't on earth his horn  
 Exalt; yet he the horn of his Anointed  
 Will sure lift up; for so he hath appointed,  
 I here conclude it is a certain truth,  
 That Christ shall come and reign here on the earth:  
 For on the Earth once Davids throne was plac'd,  
 And on the Earth it now is quite defac'd,  
 And on the Earth his throne shall be again,  
 Then Christ shall on the Earth both rule & reign:  
 For on the throne of David he shall sit,  
 And on his Kingdom rule, and govern it.

But

But here by some it may objected be,  
That Christ doth reign now on the earth, and he  
Exalted is already by his Father,  
And shall not rule nor reign on Earth no other-  
Wife, than by his Wisdom, Strength and Pow'r;  
He rules his Saints and People ev'ry hour;  
And so the World by's Might and Providence  
He govern'd hath ere since he went from hence.

Small sign it is that Christ on Earth doth reign,  
When few his Laws obey, and few refrain  
Him to blaspheme, but ready are to evil,  
What ever they are prompt to by the Devil.  
Doth Christ now reign & rule amongst those men  
That swear, and curse, and drink, & roar, and then  
Fall out and quarrel, fight and kill, and whore?  
Of whom the World doth yeild such mighty store  
That one would think, and may conclude full well,  
That most are rul'd by Lucifer of Hell,  
Can any one think or imagine how  
Christ should be said to reign on earth? when now  
His people are most times so much oppressed,  
So persecuted, and so much distressed,  
That for his sake they're made a mock and scorn,  
Whose time is now not to rejoyce, but mourn.

For what is done to them, is done to him,  
He takes it so, and so't will be, all them  
That persecute his Saints, shall find it so  
When he appears, though now they won't know.

When Saul with Letters went to Damascus  
 To persecute and spolie the Saints, then thus  
 Christ said to him when, on the way, he smites  
 Him to the ground with those bright flaming lights  
 That shone about him; and all those that went  
 With him, no doubt the High Priest had them sent  
 Him to assist in this great work of darkness,  
 To persecute those men that were so faultless,  
 That Christ rebukes him as he on the way  
 Did go, and (as I said) did to him say,  
 Saul, Saul, why dost thou thus me persecute  
 To kick against the pricks, it is no boot.  
 Then Saul astonish'd, says, Lord, who art thou?  
 I'm Jesus whom thou persecutest now.  
 For what thou dost to them, thou dost to me,  
 Thou canst not them afflict, but I must be  
 Afflicted with them; if thou art their foe,  
 I feel the stroke, the wound is mine also.

If Jesus Christ will when he comes abroad  
 All them that do his Saints to help refuse,  
 When they in prison were, or sick, or lame,  
 Or naked, hungry, and will them so blame  
 Because they did not cloath, or them relieve,  
 Nor unto them would any comfort give,  
 Nor visit when in Gaol or sick they were,  
 And them refuse to succour and to cheer,  
 And takes what's done to them, done to himself;  
 When he shall say to them that have much wealth,

Depart

Depart you cursed into scorching flames,  
 Eternal burnings, bound in fiery chains  
 Of dreadful darkness now and evermore;  
 Prepared for the Devil; for before  
 When I was sick, you did not visit me,  
 That is, you did not comfort them that be  
 My little ones, when they distressed were,  
 No help, nor no assistance would you there:  
 For as you did to them, you did to me.  
 Depart then now, for ever cursed be.

If Christ, I say, shall take these things as done  
 Unto himself, they suffer not alone  
 That are his people, but he suffers too  
 In them, that this I'de very gladly know  
 How Christ on earth is said to rule and reign,  
 VVhen still on Earth he's crucified and slain.  
 When Christ his father David's throne shall mount,  
 He shall all evil works call to account,  
 The Heathen shall be his Inheritance,  
 VVhen he unto his Kingdom shall advance;  
 Then he the utmost parts of th' earth shall have,  
 And will his poor despised people save;  
 VVhen his Dominions shall extended be  
 Through all the earth, and eke from sea to sea,  
 And from the Rivers to th' ends of the earth,  
 This great Dominion is his right and birth;  
 For when his Kingdom that we pray for's come,  
 VVhich strongly doth import there is no room

Left to conceit, he doth already reign,  
 And in his Kingdom is; for then 'twere vain  
 To pray for that which now already is,  
 And hath been many hundred years, if 'tis  
 But *two*, as many now a dayes do say,  
 Let's rare out then that Pray'r be taught's to pray.  
 But when it's come (I was about to tell)  
 That all things ev'ry where will go full well;  
 For then the Will of God will likewise even  
 Be done on Earth, as now 'tis done in Heaven;  
 There will be then no *Ram's* um, *Lam's* um Blades,  
 That rare, & stare, & fight would with their shades,  
 But all his creatures living will him praise,  
 Because of those most joyful glorious dayes,  
 That *Christ shall rule and reign here on the Earth*,  
 The Scripture plentifully holdeth forth,  
 That he that reads impartially may know  
 It is a glorious heav'nly Truth, although  
 It is by most esteemed but a fable,  
 Yet those that be the *born of God* are able  
 To see much heav'nly glory in't, they do  
 Receive such comforts from't, and not a few,  
 That they are made, through Grace, nothing to fear  
 What they may suffer for the Glory there.

But that I may a little further clear  
 This much despised Truth, to me so dear  
 And choice, and sweet; I will some Reason show,  
 That Christ the Kingdoms of the Earth shall so  
 Possess



Possess, as yet he never did, but shall.  
One day them have in full possession all.

First then, when Christ shall rule on Earth, and  
And Davids Throne shall be set up again, (reign,  
There shall be such, so great increase of Peace,  
That Quarrels, Broils, and Wars shall ever cease  
Then shall there be no envying nor hating,  
No Titles unto this and that debating  
By Sword and Fire, as now is and hath bin,  
And ever will and shall be until then;  
All men shall then so quietly enjoy  
What they do build and plant, none shall annoy,  
Nor them molest, they in their habitation  
Shall then secured be, no molestation,  
Nor no disquiet shall e're them come near,  
They shall possess without all kind of fear  
What is allotted them, they'll be so sure,  
That none shall trouble unto them procure:  
The Nations then, though now, and heretofore,  
Have learned War, they War shall learn no more.

Of Righteousness there then shall be a stream  
Shall run through ev'ry street; (this is no dream  
Nor fond conceit.) Justice and Equity  
Will flourish then, and there no more will be  
Oppression us'd, the cause of him that's poor  
Shall not perverted be, nor nevermore  
The Widows cause, or Fatherless shalnt then  
Be turned back; at that time shall no men

Hate

Hate one another, nor no man then shall  
 Imagine ill against his brother; all  
 Shall live in such a blessed unity,  
 No man shall do another injury,  
 And then that very great antipathy  
 That now between the creatures is, shall fly:  
 For then the *Wolf* shall lie down with the *Lamb*,  
 And dwell together; sure of this I am.  
 The *Leopard* then shall lie down with the *Kid*,  
 The *Calf* and *Lion* young are also rid,  
 The one of's preying nature, and the other  
 Can now confide in him, as in a brother:  
 Nay, though the *Lion*, be a *Faunting* by,  
 He'll not him harm, they'll down together lye,  
 So gentle and so tame they will be, then  
 A little *Child* may lead them both; and when  
 This time is come, the *Cow* then with the *Bear*  
 Shall feed their young, together lye, and there  
 The *Lion* shall like to an *Ox* eat *Straw*,  
 To prey on flesh he now shall have no maw:  
 The deadly, great, and most destructive nature,  
 The *Venom* which is found now in the creature,  
 Their deadly sting shall then be took away,  
 When once a *sucking Child* shall dare to play  
 On the *Asps* hole, the *weaned Child* may then  
 Not fear to put his hand upon the den  
 Of that so deadly *Cockatrice*, for there  
 They shall not hurt, destroy, none shall them fear

In

In Gods most holy Mountain, and the Earth  
 Shal filled be with knowledge, and with mirth;  
 Cover'd with knowledge shal the Earth then be,  
 As now we see the Waters do the Sea.

There's such a glorious time as this to come,  
 Or else the Prophets are mistook; not some,  
 But all, for all of them of this time spoke,  
 Foreseeing that there was a heavy yoke  
 That *Rome* should keep the faithful People in,  
 And after ward that cursed *Man of Sin*,  
 Until there come a Rod out of the Stem  
 Of Jesse, and a branch spring out of him,  
 Out of his Root shall spring that holy Prince,  
 That King of kings and Lord of lords; from hence  
 It comes, that Christ our Lord is said to be  
 Of *David's* Off-spring (notwithstanding he  
 Is *David's* Root) and shal possess his Throne  
 In the appointed time, as hath been shown.

But that I might this *Truth* yet clearer make,  
 Then this that follows likewise from me take,  
 That Christ shal rule and reign on Earth as King,  
 To prove I further do this Reason bring;  
 Because the Earth and all that therein is,  
 Are by Creation-right, all of them his,  
 They were made by him; and not only so,  
 But for him too, and then his Right we know,  
 It is, that one day he should them possess,  
 Which were made for him to enjoy and bless.

With

With Righteousness, with which he will Judge the  
 Reprove the meek with Equity; & more, (poor,  
 He with the Rod of his Wrath will smite the Earth,  
 And slay the wicked also with his breath.  
 For Righteousness the girdle of his loins,  
 And Faithfulness the girdle of his reins  
 Shall be, and then will come that blessed day  
 That he (the Root of Jesse) will display  
 The Glory of his Rest, as on a Hill,  
 Stand for an Ensign, and the Gentiles will  
 Unto it seek, his Rest that glorious be  
 Thrice happy they that shall this Glory see.

When this is come to pass, that Prophecy  
 Spoke by Isaiah, will fulfilled be,  
 Behold, in Righteousness a King shall reign,  
 And Princes rule in Judgment shall again,  
 As from the wind and tempest which we see,  
 A hiding-place, a cover, there shall be,  
 As in a dry and thirsty place, and as  
 The shadow of a mighty great Rock is  
 A man shall be as Water, Rivers, and  
 As such a Rock is in a weary Land.  
 The eyes of them that see shall not be dim,  
 The ears of them that hear shall hearken, then  
 The rash of heart shall knowledge understand,  
 Their passions then they shall so well command,  
 The tongue of flatterers shall ready be  
 To utter words, & talk, to speak plainly.

The Glory of that day shall be so great,  
My pen's too weak that Glory to repeat.

So great it is, my thoughts it doth so fill,  
That here another Reason follow will,

That Christ that come the Earth to rule, will be  
Apparant made, as 'twil appear; for he

By right of purchase is become the Lord  
Of all the Earth, and all it doth afford:

He therefore dy'd, reviv'd, and rose again,  
That he might this Pretogative obtain,

To be the Lord both of the quick and dead.  
(This may in Pauls Epistle soon be read)

By his obedience to his Father, he  
Obtained such a glorious dignitie,

By dying on the Cross that cursed death,  
For which his Father him exalted hath,

And such a Name hath given unto him,  
Above all names that's given unto them

That are in Heav'n, in Earth, or underneath  
The Earth, to him all which have life and breath,

At his most glorious Name their knees must bow,  
(There's few but will for truth this sure allow)

And ev'ry tongue confess that Christ is Lord,  
This Glory they must unto God afford.

When God the Father rais'd Christ from the  
He then to him this Princely honour gave, (grave

To sit at his right hand in heav'ly places,  
(In recompence of all those souf disgraces

That

That he sustain'd while he was on the Earth,  
 Although he was the King thereof by birth,  
 So far above all Principallities,  
 All Power, Might, Dominion, Dignity,  
 And every Name that's nam'd, not only whom  
 Is in this world, but in that world to come,  
 And hath put all things underneath his feet,  
 Though all things be not subjected to him yet,  
 He bore the great iniquities of many,  
 (Of all indeed, he did not leave out any)  
 Then with the great & portion he'll divide,  
 And with the strong divide the spoil beside;  
 Because he did his soul pour out to death,  
 This glory God to Christ now given hath,  
 That as the Earth he bought, and paid the score  
 That it stood charged with, so he'll restore  
 All things again when he from Heav'n descends  
 To take away what ever in't offends,  
 And then all living shall enjoy and see  
 How glorious Christ's Government will be.  
 That which already hinted is well may  
 Give satisfaction unto all, if they  
 Be so unbyass'd, and be so intent  
 In searching out what all the Prophets meant,  
 (And Christ and his Apostles, for all they  
 Did prophesie and speak of this good day)  
 By these and such like sayings as I bring,  
 Of which there is a multitude that sing

The

The self-same song as I above have done,  
 For sure I am they all with me are one.  
 But ne'rtheless it still is my intent  
 One Reason able to contribute or hint  
 That Christ shall rule and reign here on the earth,  
 Is true, because it is his right by birth.  
 He (Christ) the first-born is of ev'ry creature,  
 And he of all things all is the Maker.  
 The first-born is amongst many brethren too,  
 The first begotten Son of God, and who  
 The brightness of his Fathers glory is,  
 The expresse Image of his person, his  
 (Gods) only Son, Whom He appointed Heir  
 Of all things that hath been, shall be, or are  
 In Heav'n above, or in the Earth beneath,  
 They all are his by birth, there's none that hath  
 Nor can deprive him of his right, it's sure  
 To him, and shall for evermore endure.

Saith David in his Psalms, *The Heathen rage,*  
*Vain things imagine, what doth this presage?*  
*God sits in Heaven, and hath them in derision,*  
*And will at length himself make the decision,*  
*Though they do set against him and are armed,*  
*And counsel take, they shall be disappointed,*  
*Unto them all he'll speak when in his wrath,*  
*Though he forbears, and seems to be so loth;*  
*Yet will he vex them in his sore displeasure,*  
*When he shall set his King, his only Treasure,*

That he sustain'd while he was on the Earth,  
 Although he was the King thereof by birth,  
 So far above all Principallitie,  
 All Power, Might, Dominion, Dignity,  
 And ev'ry Name that's nam'd, not only whom  
 Is in this world, but in that world to come,  
 And hath put all things underneath his feet,  
 Though all things be not subjected to him yet,  
 He bore the great iniquities of many,  
 (Of all indeed, he did not leave out any)  
 Then with the great & portion he'll divide,  
 And with the strong divide the spoil beside;  
 Because he did his soul purr out to death,  
 This glory God to Christ now given hath,  
 That as the Earth he bought, and paid the score  
 That it stood charged with, so he'll restore  
 All things again when he from Heav'n descends  
 To take away what ever in't offends,  
 And then all living shall enjoy and see  
 How glorious Christ's Government will be.  
 That which already hinted is, well may  
 Give satisfaction unto all, if they  
 Be so unbyass'd, and be so intent  
 In searching out what all the Prophets meant,  
 (And Christ and his Apostles, for all they  
 Did prophesie and speak of this good day)  
 By these and such like sayings as I bring,  
 Of which there is a multitude that sing.

The



The self-same song as I above have done,  
 For sure I am they all with me are one.  
 But ne'retheless it will is my intent  
 One Reason able to contribute or merit  
 That Christ shall rule and reign here on the earth,  
 Is true, because it is his right by birth.  
 He (Christ) the first-born is of ev'ry creature,  
 And he of all things altho' the Maker.  
 The first-born is amongst many brethren too,  
 The first begotten Son of God, and who  
 The brightness of his Fathers glory is,  
 The expresse Image of his person, his  
 (Gods) only Son, whom he appointed Heir  
 Of all things that hath been, shall be, or are  
 In Heav'n above, or in the Earth beneath,  
 They all are his by birth, there's none that hath  
 Nor can deprive him of his right, it's sure  
 To him, and shall for evermore endure.

Saith David in his Psalms, *The Heathen rage,  
 Vain things imagine, what doth this preface?  
 God sits in Heaven, and hath them in derision,  
 And will at length himself make the decision,  
 Though they do set against him and se themselves,  
 And counsel take, they shall be disappointed,  
 Unto them all he'll speak when in his wrath,  
 Though he forbears, and seems to be so loth,  
 Yet will he vex them in his sore displeasure,  
 When he shall set his King, his only Treasure,*

Upon his holy Hill, then the Decree  
 Concerning him will soon declared be  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 Then ask my Son, ask thou, I say of me  
 And I will give thee thine Inheritance  
 Thou shalt upon my Holy Hill advance  
 The Heavens shall be thy roof for a portion  
 The Earth I give to thee for thy possession  
 The utmost parts thereof I give, and thou  
 Shalt break them with a Rod of Iron  
 In pieces shalt thou dash them as a Vessel  
 That's broken as in Mortar with a Pestle

Again saith David in another place  
 Such is the Majesty of Christ, the Grace  
 Of this most mighty Prince, and Lord of all  
 That Kings shall stoop, and down before him fall  
 And they that in the Wilderness do live  
 Shall bow before him, and him honor give  
 His Enemies (who will they, nill they) must  
 Fall down before him, and shall lick the dust  
 The Kings of Tarshish, and them of the Isles  
 Shall presents bring to him to have his smiles  
 The Kings of Sheba, and of Saba too,  
 Shall offer gifts to him, if that would do  
 Yea, all the Nations under Heav'n that are,  
 Shall him obey, all Kings then shall him fear

And David in another Psalm doth say,  
 That God his Enemies will drive this day

Before

Before him; God will then his feet down beat;  
 And plague all men he will that do him hate;  
 My faithfulness, saith God, with him shall be;  
 My mercy also, and his Name I'll see  
 Shall be exalted, I will set his hand  
 Upon the Sea, so in the Rivers, and  
 He'll cry, Thou art my God, my Father then,  
 And say, the Rock of my Salvation, when  
 My first-born I will make, whose so by birth,  
 Far higher than the Kings are of the Earth.

But some it may be here will now object,  
 And say, These Scriptures all have no respect  
 To Christ, but Solomon by them is meant;  
 And David penn'd these Psalms to that intent,  
 To shew he should be set on such a throne,  
 That like to him there should be never none  
 So great, so rich, so mighty as was he;  
 If so, then all these things fulfilled be.

I answer, That these Scriptures can't be so  
 Receiv'd nor understood; for this I know,  
 That Solomon was never God's first-born,  
 Nor never did God so exalt his Horn,  
 To give to him such great and large Dominion  
 To reach from sea to sea; in my opinion  
 Nebuchadnezzar was a greater man  
 Than ever was the great King Solomon;  
 For Daniel said to him, O King, it's thou  
 Art grown so mighty, strong and great, that now

Thy potent greatness reaches into Heav'n, and reacheth  
 Such is thy boundless and thy large Dominion, that  
 It doth extend unto the ends of the earth, and reacheth  
 God unto thee such glory given hath. Though Solomon his glory was so  
 Though Solomon his glory was so intch, and so black  
 That in his day there was no King but his  
 Yet considering Nebuchadnezzar he  
 Was great Commander universallie,  
 O're all the world, it clearly followeth  
 Those Prophetes God did not then fulfill  
 In Solomon, because it's plain that he  
 Had never such a glorious Monarchie,  
 (I then conclude, they meane, and rather may,  
 The King of Babylon, which none will say)  
 So universal as the others was,  
 Nor yet so great nor universal as  
 Our Lords shall be when he doth come to reign,  
 As those fore-cited Scriptures speake plain  
 Besides what I before did shew indeed,  
 That Christ must be that King of David's  
 These reasons then I add, though many more  
 I might produce, in Scripture there's such store  
 But I with these shall well contented be, to give  
 Such satisfaction are they unto me  
 But yet I matter not, for th' sake of those  
 That may more doubtful be, before I close, and  
 Bring forth such Scriptures, which do more conduce  
 To satisfaction then I here produce.

That

That prophesie of Balaam, who when he  
 He hired was to curse Gods Israel, then  
 He prophesied and said, My eyes shall be  
 Behold, but shall not see, they are too dim  
 I shall behold him, but is more to be nigh;  
 Though I the knowledge haue of the most High;  
 There shall a Star come out of Jacob, and  
 A Scepter out of Israel; the Land  
 Of Moab shall he smite, the corners all,  
 The sons of Seir shall he destroy'd and fall,  
 And Edom shall, because of their transgression;  
 So Seir likewise shall be a possession  
 Unto his Enemies; but Israel he  
 Shall in those days do than most valiant lie;  
 Then out of Jacob will become that shall  
 Possess and haue dominion o're them all.  
 Balaam then took up his Parable,  
 Beheld and saw that day was terrible,  
 And said, Alas! though 'tis a day of blisse,  
 To Jacob, who shall live when God doth this.  
 Again, good Hannah when the Lord her Womb  
 Had opened, than she conceiv'd, to whom  
 He gave a Son, which when she had brought forth,  
 She lent unto the Lord a son of worth  
 He was to her, yet for the Lord she'l spare  
 Her child; her only son that was so dear;  
 And then to pray and praise the Lord goes she,  
 And thus she saith by way of prophesie:

The Adversaries of the Lord shall be  
 All broke to pieces; out of Heaven shall he  
 Thunder upon them, then the Lord will judge  
 The Earth, and ends thereof; this privilege  
 The Lord shall have, and strength he'll give his King,  
 And with the Horn of his Anointed bring  
 To be exalted, and he'll help the feet  
 Of all his Saints; though when they are ill content;  
 As for the wicked they shall silent be  
 In darkness, when that they this day do see,  
 To do these wondrous things God will not fail,  
 For know by strength no man shall then prevail.

Oh what a glorious time this then will be,  
 When Saints shall reign with Christ triumphant he!  
 That most transcendent glory, and the state  
 Christ shall be in, which he'll participate  
 To them their lot, their portion and a share,  
 Because they're sons, they likewise are Joint-heirs  
 With him, and in his throne they shall sit down,  
 And shall receive a Kingdom and a Crown;  
 Not such a corrupt Crown that fades away,  
 But such a Crown of Life that won't decay:  
 Then fear not little Flock, for 'tis the pleasure  
 Of God your Father to give you the treasure  
 That's in a Crown; by Grace he will you save,  
 And bath thought meet the Kingdom you should have  
 He that is Prince of Kings, Kings of the earth, (have)  
 Who you so lov'd, that you be washed bath

From

From all your sins in his most precious blood,  
 He undertook for you, in your place stood,  
 And now hath made you Kings & Priests by hisch,  
 And one day you shall reign with him on earth.  
 Then shall that Princely, Heav'nly song be sung  
 On Harps of God most sweetly tun'd and string,  
 The song of Moses, who Gods servant was,  
 The holy Lambs song likewise this song is,  
 Which song methinks before I further go,  
 I must insert, that you this song may know.  
 Most great and marvellous all thy works are,  
 Lord God Almighty! who shall not thee fear,  
 And glorify thy Name! for thou art holy,  
 And just and true thy ways are, righteous wholly.  
 All Nations shall now come and worship thee,  
 For now thy Judgements manifested be.  
 Thou King of Saints, most true, just are thy ways,  
 This song then Saints shall sing, & him shall praise:  
 Such perfect, heav'nly frames of heart they shall  
 Be alwayes in, their glory won't be small,  
 But such as always shall their souls to fill  
 With joy, they'll sing praise to the Lamb, and will  
 Continually rejoyce, set forth the praise  
 Of him who is the Ancient of all Dayes;  
 For then the glory of the Lord they'll see,  
 The Lamb will always with them present be.  
 They then will God see face to face, no blame  
 Will he find in them, but will write his Name

Upon their foreheads, he will dwell with them;  
 And they for evermore shall be with him;  
 They then shall be his people, he will be  
 Their God for ever, to eternitie;  
 Then shall they hear no fighting nor cries,  
 All tears he'll wipe away from off their eyes;  
 No death nor mourning, sorrow, grief nor pain,  
 Shall ever overtake those souls again;  
 For such things then there will be left no room;  
 Because the Bride enjoys her dear Bridegroom;  
 If she rejoiceth now to hear his voice,  
 When she his face shall see, she may rejoice;  
 When she beholds his person, and doth see  
 His Beauty, Glory, and his Majestie;  
 All former things with her will pass away,  
 Now she can sing, and on Gods Harp can play;  
 Nothing can her to grief or sorrow move;  
 How can she mourn, that hath her fill of Love?  
 What ere she did here in this mortal state,  
 She'll now rejoice, to mourn it is too late;  
 The Bride did mourn and weep while he was gone,  
 Who is her Bridegroom, though she was alone;  
 Her heart was with him, he with hers, and still  
 He with his Spirit did her always fill;  
 With full assurance that she was his Bride,  
 And that he from her went but to provide  
 A City and a Mansion for each one,  
 And then he'd come, and leave no more his own.



And well-beloved Spouse, but chiefest Joy, be A  
 His Darling to the Lions: to a shop; to no more  
 Who can report the joy when she goes thither?  
 She there will meet with when they meet together?

Thus have I hinted, as I said I would, be A  
 In such a place, as well as well I could, 10  
 The doubtless fall of that great *Scarlet Whore*; 11  
 Who in her loftiness and pride doth soar, 12  
 Above the Throne of Kings, but she shall be W  
 Thrown down from thence into the deepest Sea,  
 From whence she nevermore shall rise again, 13  
 The healing of her breach will be in vain, 14  
 And as I promised, so I've now perform'd, 15  
 To hint that Christ shall one day be enthron'd, 16  
 Yet one or two words more by way of use, mon W  
 I still have yet to say, which may produce 17  
 Some good effect to some, though not to all, 18  
 But to the Whore (I think) 'twill none at all; A  
 But some there be which are of her, that yet 19  
 Adore her much, if they'll read what is writ, 20  
 (I mean her plagues here hinted in this book), 21  
 It may provoke them now about to look, 22  
 If they'll consider well what Sorcery, 23  
 What Fornications and Idolatry, 24  
 What guiltiness there is upon her still, 25  
 Of th' Martyrs blood which she a Sea did spill; H  
 Who knows but that it may a motive prove, 26  
 Some one, or more, from off their lees to move;

And

And who can tell but this may call forth some  
 From out of her, lest they share in her doom;  
 When they shall reade her sins her plagues withal,  
 Or else partake with her in her great fall?  
 And therefore let it be a use of terror,  
 Of great astonishment, of fear and horror  
 Unto the Pope and all his Cardinals,  
 His Moncks and Friers, ev'n those *Cambals*,  
 Who eat the flesh of men, trade with their souls,  
 And drink the blood of Saints, as Wine in bowls;  
 Let pains; and pangs, and sorrows on them seize;  
 The time doth hasten now, when God will ease  
 Himself of such an evil Generation,  
 Who are such foes to Christ, his Death and Passion,  
 Whom they would rear & pluck out of his throne,  
 If they thereby could but keep up their own.

The next and last word I intend to speak  
 At this time, is unto the poor and meek,  
 Those silly harmless Lambs, the los and flock  
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord, that little flock.  
 Here's comfort now for you and consolation,  
 That follow hard in the Regeneration,  
 That blessed Lamb of God which went before,  
 Whom follow after fully; for the more  
 You follow him, the more your peace will be  
 Here, and hereafter your felicitie.  
 Though he lead thorow many rocky wayes  
 To that sweet place of rest, yet see you praise

Your

Your Prince, it is the certain way that leadeth  
 Unto God's Kingdom, though it trouble brether  
 Unto the flesh, to climb such rocks and hills;  
 He will go with you that with pleasure fills  
 Your souls; there can be then no cause of fear  
 To go that way that Christ is with you there.  
 For he hath been and is strength to the poor,  
 Help to the needy in distress, and more,  
 A refuge from the storm, and from the heat,  
 A shadow is when grievous storms do beat;  
 The storm of furious ones, whose blast doth fall  
 As doth a mighty storm against a wall;  
 Know, where you cannot go he will you carry;  
 And he that shal come, wil come, and won't tarry.  
 Fear not then, little Flock, rejoyce and smile  
 At this, it's but a very little while  
 But he will come, and wil you all imbrace;  
 Then shal you see his glorious shining face;  
 The way's but short, the labour's smal you spend;  
 Faint not, you'l soon come to your journeys end;  
 Afflictions are but light, the Glory's pondrous  
 But a moment; eternal Glory's wondrous:  
 There's no comparifon between these twain.  
 If for a light Affliction you can gain  
 A weight of Glory, for a moment you  
 Receive eternal Glory with Christ doo.  
 What loss can't be? who would not walk a path  
 That dirty is, if it an ending hath.

In Rest and in unutterable Joys;  
 Rather than our things leave, thought but to pass  
 The best and all of them this great Babylon  
 They leave a man when he goes to his grave;  
 Nay more, while he is but on soys a poising,  
 And is them like to petty gods adoring;  
 They steal away his heart, if he intend  
 To follow that way still, 'till in the end  
 Lead him to death, that death, to never day;  
 But live in torment to eternity.  
 Then wait with patience, for your Prince and King,  
 When he appears he then will with him bring  
 Such great rewards will make up all your losses;  
 Your sufferings, trials, troubles, and your crosses;  
 Content your selves, be satisfied, and rest  
 In this, that you have such an interest  
 In Christ, and in his Glory, that no man,  
 Though nere so mighty, or so great, that can  
 Deprive you of't, God greater is than they;  
 None can you harm, if he but say them nay.  
 Admit they should do what with their will stands,  
 They can't you pluck out of your Father's hands.  
 Beware then that you don't his love disdain,  
 Take heed you don't his holy Name profane  
 By any sin, or unbecoming walking,  
 By any foolish jesting, idle talkings;  
 But I the Prisoner of the Lord, beseech  
 You all to study and consider which

Way

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Way you may sanctifie that holy Name, bism bna  
And bring forth praise and honour to the same. Al  
That sacred Name of God, which none doth leant  
To be reproach'd, which some do touch blasphemous  
Walk worthy of that calling wherewith ye  
Are called, and be sure you always see  
Your conversation all times cloathed in  
With lowliness, that Christ-like grace of his,  
That unto all men you may make't appear,  
That as was Christ, so you like-minded are ;  
And be not rash, but meek, enduring wrong,  
If you be like to Christ, he suffer'd long :  
Forbear ye one another, live in love,  
And God will still be with you from above ;  
And keep your hearts & minds through Christ our  
If you like brethren do in love accord. (Lord,  
Then make it ev'ry one your great endeavour,  
And do at all times in the same persevere  
To keep the Spirits unity and peace,  
That God may dwell with you, and you increase  
In all the fruits and graces of the Spirit,  
You may esteem'd be worthy to inherit  
A Crown of life, a Kingdom and a Throne,  
Which will enjoyed be by those, and none  
But those that faithful are unto the death,  
For so God's holy blessed Spirit saith.

I now conclude and end, and take my leave,  
Hoping these lines, though rude, you will receive,  
And

And mend those faults in love you may there find:  
 If any benefit you reap, then mind  
 To give the praise to God, the honour's his;  
 Give none to me, but all to him whose 'tis.

*All Glory be to him that ever liveth;  
 I'm yours in him to love and serve,*

**John Griffith.**

**F I N I S.**

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And mend these faults in love you may find had:  
If any benefit you help, then mind  
To give the praise to God, the honour's due:  
Give none to me, but all to him whose true

As Give to him that true heart  
For heart to him in love and true  
John Gifford